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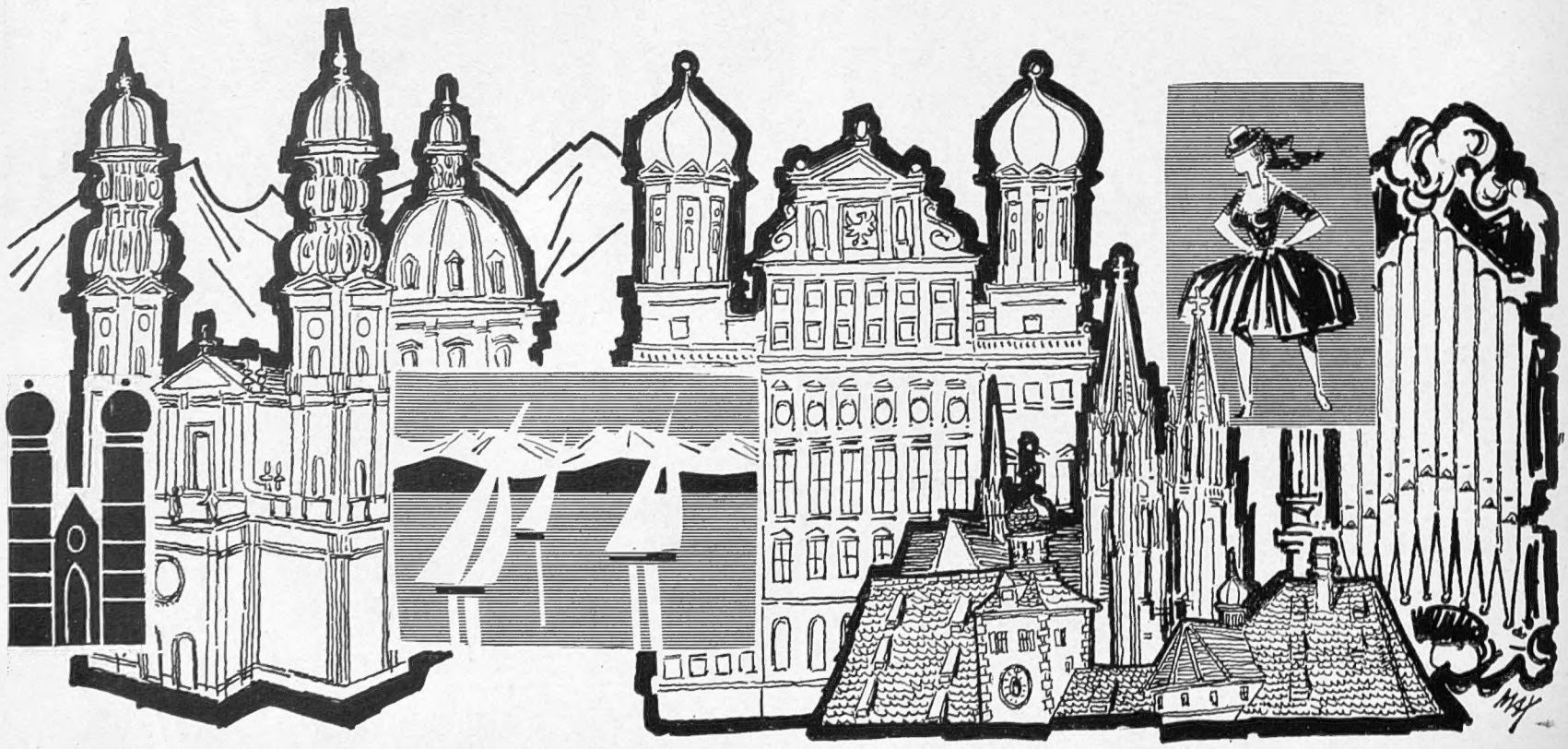

Volume CCLI No. 3265 LONDON, December 29, 1962

THE SPHERE

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THE PRIME MINISTER'S TRAVELS

Mr. Macmillan greets President Kennedy on the latter's arrival in Nassau, Bahamas, for the Anglo-U.S. talks. Between them in this wire photograph is Lord Home, who was also attending the conversations. It was anticipated there would be three main subjects for discussion. First, the consequences to British defence policy of the almost certain cancellation of the development of the Skybolt missile. Before leaving Washington President Kennedy had said in an interview he did not think the huge cost of Skybolt was justified. Second, British-American relations in the event of Britain not being able to obtain satisfactory terms for entering the Common Market. Third, aid for India as a result of the Chinese invasion. The Prime Minister had flown to the Bahamas almost immediately after his talks with President de Gaulle at Rambouillet. He is seen there **on left** with the President, M. Pompidou, the French Prime Minister, Lady Dorothy Macmillan and Madame de Gaulle. A joint statement after the discussions said the two statesmen had agreed on general policy and that Britain's negotiations in Brussels would continue " in spite of difficulties which have been encountered"

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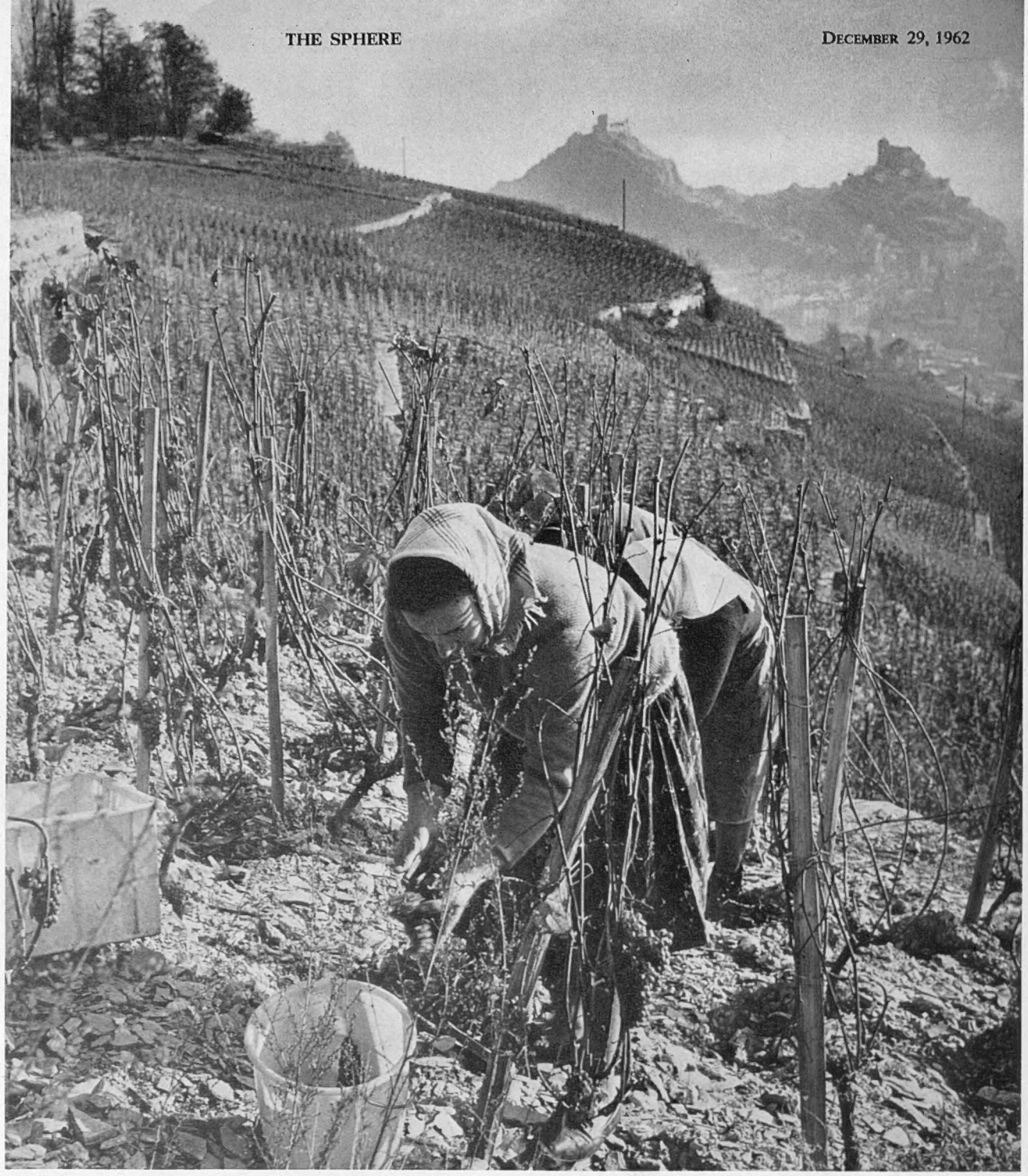
On the slopes near Diolly in the Canton of Wallis, Switzerland, the last grapes of the year are being gathered. The owner of the vineyard is one of the best-known vine growers in Switzerland, Dr. Henry Wuilloud. Wallis is the third largest of the Swiss cantons. Hemmed in by some of the mightiest of the Alpine ranges, it is noted for the splendour of its scenery



A FINAL GRAPE HARVEST FOR 1962 IN SWITZERLAND

Below right: One of the best-known actors on both sides of the Atlantic, Charles Laughton died in Hollywood on December 15. He was aged 63. Born in Scarborough in Yorkshire, the son of an hotel proprietor, he himself started his career in the hotel business. He served in the First World War on the Western Front, where he was gassed. In 1925 he entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Laughton was soon a success in West End theatres in such plays as *On the Spot* and *Payment Deferred*. In 1931 he went to New York and the next year began in Hollywood making what was to be a long list of highly successful films, among them *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *The Private Life of Henry VIII* (made in Britain). His last film, *Advice and Consent*, was seen in London earlier this year. His many stage appearances included the Old Vic in London, and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon. Laughton became an American citizen in 1950

THE LATE CHARLES LAUGHTON

Below far right: The new headquarters of the Little Ship Club on the south bank of the Thames in London near Southwark Bridge. The club exists primarily for voluntary instruction and was founded 36 years ago by a group of yachtsmen. The new headquarters has an air-conditioned lecture room, a library and two bars, all with a fine view of the River Thames

THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB'S NEW QUARTERS

Below: At a dinner in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem are Mr. David Jawara, Premier of Gambia, and Mr. David Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel. Mr. Jawara was on a five-day official visit to Israel to seek aid in such fields as medicine and technical training. He had previously been in London for financial talks, which, he said before leaving "failed 100 per cent." The Colonial Office did agree, however, to grant full self-government as a prelude to full independence and possible merging with Senegal, in which country Gambia is an enclave

TWO DAVIDS DINE TOGETHER IN JERUSALEM

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The ruler of Morocco acknowledges the greetings of his people as he rides through Rabat. Earlier this month in a national referendum the Moroccans gave King Hassan an overwhelming vote in favour of the new constitution. Under this, the country will make great strides towards becoming a democracy. In place of the old autocratic rule of the king the monarchy will be constitutional and for the first time Morocco will have an elected Parliament

Below: Mr. Walter Nash, the Leader of the Opposition and of the New Zealand Labour Party and a former Prime Minister, is with his sister, Miss Margaret Emily Nash, in Wellington. She had just arrived by sea from Britain where she lives in Birmingham and is staying with her brother for an indefinite period. Having reached the age of 80, Mr. Nash announced recently that he is proposing to give up the leadership of the New Zealand Labour Party, probably after the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh next February. He was born in England at Kidderminster and went to New Zealand as a young man. Public life claimed him in 1920 when he was a New Zealand delegate to the International Labour Conference and he has been a Member of Parliament for the past 33 years. Mr. Nash was Deputy Prime Minister from 1940-49 and Prime Minister from 1957 to 1960. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1946 and a Companion of Honour in 1959

KING HASSAN ACCLAIMED AFTER THE MASSIVE MOROCCAN VOTE FOR A DEMOCRATIC MONARCHY

A NEW ZEALAND VETERAN TO RETIRE

ANGLO-AMERICAN NAVAL TALKS

MINE DISASTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

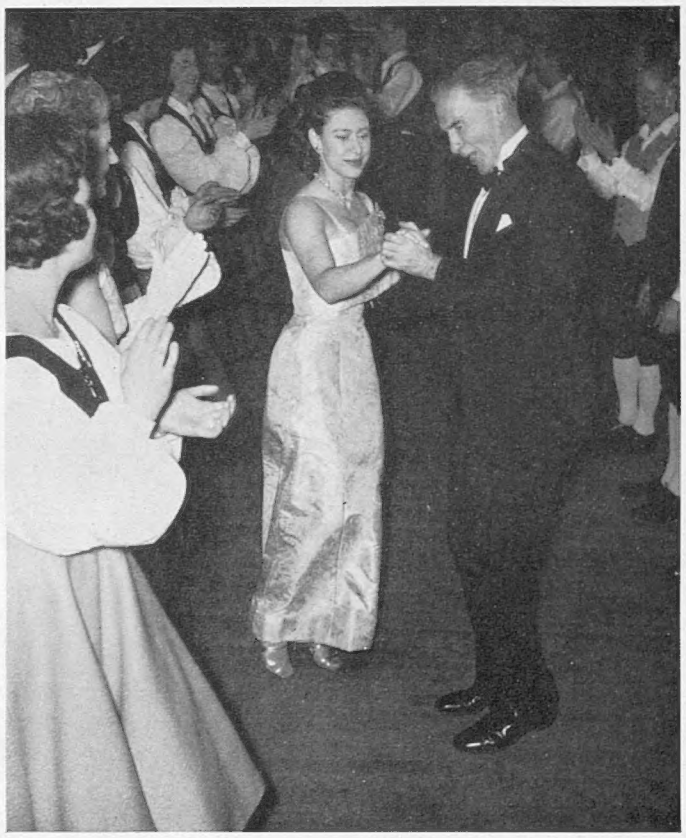
Right: The photograph shows the huge crater which was formed when a cave-in occurred at the processing plant at the West Dreifontein gold mine, 80 miles from Johannesburg. Over 30 African workers were reported to have been killed in the disaster. West Dreifontein is among the richest gold mines in the world

Below left: Mr. F. H. Korth (left), the United States Navy Secretary, is greeted at London Airport by Lord Carrington, the First Lord of the Admiralty. Later at a Press Conference Mr. Korth said his visit had nothing to do with the Skybolt controversy as it had been planned some time ago. However, he did make some remarks about Polaris missiles which the U.S. is using in place of Skybolt. He declared that the Polaris system installed in big submarines should be invulnerable for years. "I am tremendously confident about that," he said. The cost of a Polaris submarine with 16 missiles was £40,700,000

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN REVIEWS CADETS PASSING OUT FROM CRANWELL

At the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, King Hussein, as Reviewing Officer, inspects the Cadet Wing at the passing out parade of No. 82 entry. Three Jordanians, all pilots, were among the cadets in the passing-out parade. King Hussein was a guest at Cranwell during his short private visit to Britain shortly before Christmas



PRINCESS MARGARET GOES FOLK DANCING

Below right: Princess Margaret dances with Mr. K. Constable, the Chairman of the English Folk Dance and Song Society. With the Earl of Snowdon, she attended the Christmas dance of the Society held at Cecil Sharpe House in London. Princess Margaret is President of the Society. On the following day, December 18, she and Lord Snowdon were among the Royal guests at the small private dinner party which celebrated the 21st birthday of Prince William of Gloucester. The Queen, Princess Marina and Princess Alexandra and her fiancé, Mr. Angus Ogilvy, were also present

THE QUEEN MOTHER AT AN ICE-SKATING GALA

Far right: The Queen Mother talks to Miss Linda Pettigrew, of Edinburgh. Her Majesty met young skaters taking part in the Royal Ice Skating Gala at Streatham Ice Rink during the interval of the gala held in aid of the Ex-Services Mental Welfare Society. She is President of the Society. As the occasion took place on the same day as Prince William's birthday party, she was unable to attend that Royal Family gathering. Another member of the Royal Family who was unable to attend was the Duke of Edinburgh, who was in Germany on a private visit

THE HEYTHROP MEETS AT BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER

The Master of the Heythrop, Captain R. E. Wallace, is surrounded by the hounds at the start of the meet of the Heythrop on the green at Bourton-on-the-Water in Gloucestershire. It was the first time that the Heythrop had met in the centre of the small Cotswold town for many years. Despite poor weather, there was a large following for the meet, one of those held in the period just before Christmas. On the day after Christmas, as one of the traditional Boxing Day events, meets were arranged to take place all over the country

Some of the European hostages who were held by the rebels for a week in the jail at Seria, the main oil centre of Brunei, after their release

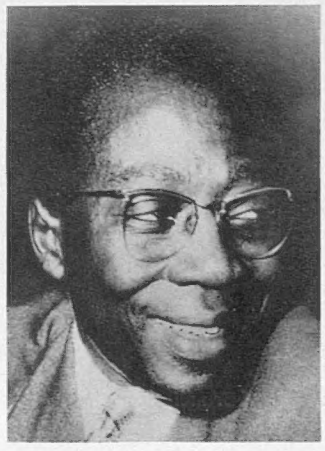
MOPPING-UP IN BRUNEI

Although the revolt in the oil-rich British protectorate of Brunei has collapsed, mopping-up operations in the jungle by British troops were continuing and were expected to go on for some time. All European hostages had been freed, and several hundred rebels taken prisoner. Meanwhile the plan to join the Borneo Territories to Malaysia, which the rebels opposed, was being considered further by the authorities concerned.

Rebel prisoners with an escort of the Queen's Own Highlanders at Anduki Airport, Brunei

Ex-Premier of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Edgar Whitehead, with Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation. **Above:** Mr. Winston Field, the new Southern Rhodesian Premier

Senegalese Premier Dia

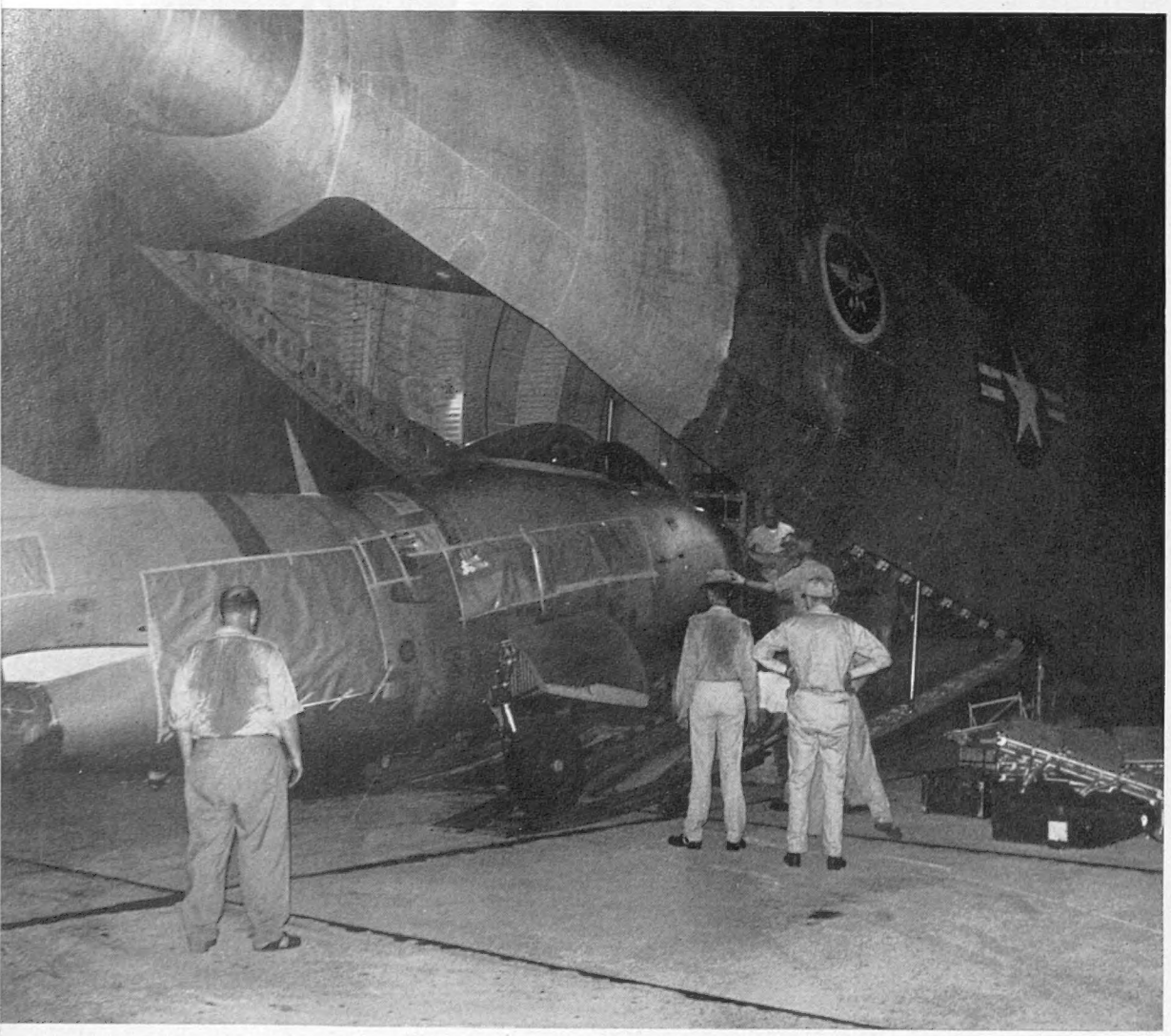


President Leopold Senghor

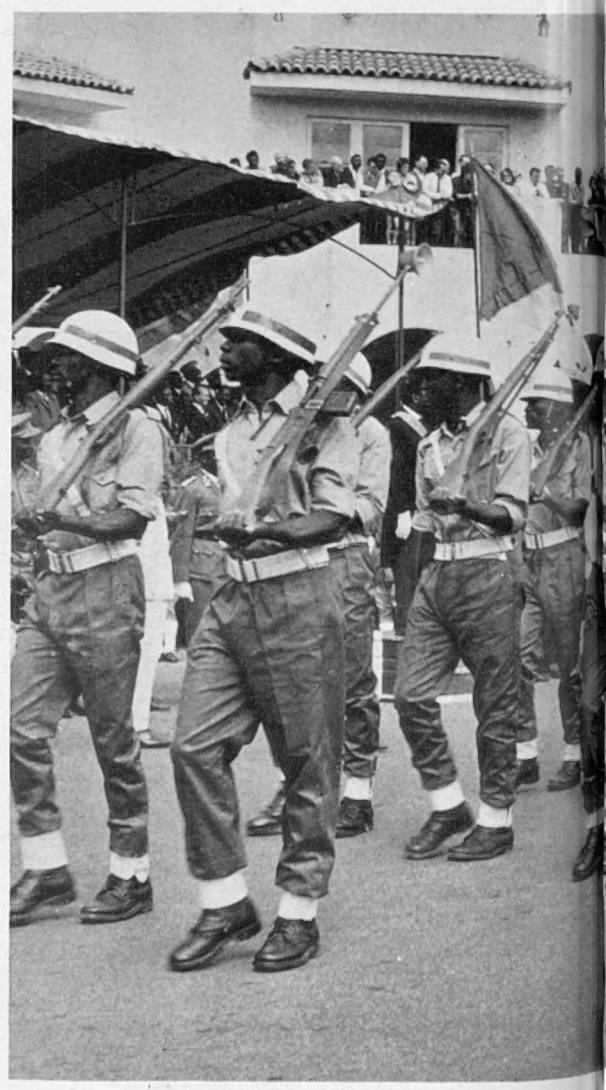
SIMMERING AFRICA

The year in Africa drew to an end with Central Africa still the centre of attention. Close on the announcement that Northern Rhodesia's African leaders would be in the new Government came the surprise defeat in Southern Rhodesia of the United Federal Party, under Sir Edgar Whitehead, by Mr. Winston Field's Rhodesian Front. Meanwhile over the border in Katanga, the U.N. were seriously preparing for another showdown with M. Tshombe if he did not accept their plan for reintegration of Katanga with the Congo.

Senegal, the French-speaking republic in West Africa was also in the news after reports came through of an unsuccessful attempt at a *coup d'état* by the Prime Minister M. Mamadou Dia, who, after a short power struggle with President Senghor and hostile deputies, was said to be in hiding.



The fuselage of a Swedish Saab is unloaded from a U.S. aircraft at Leopoldville, Congo, for use by the U.N. force



Katangese troops parade in the streets of Elisabethville, the

President Tshombe of Katanga waves to the crowd on arrival at a military parade in his capital

ital of the secessionist province

General Norbert Moke, Commanding Officer of the Katanga Army, arrives at the parade

JOHN CONNELL

A YEAR OF STORM AND STRESS

My admiration—I almost wrote my envy—for those who can utter with confidence valuable and valid generalisations about politics is unconcealed. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone's successor as Prime Minister, had a great capacity for this kind of lapidary assessment. In 1899 he wrote: " There is never a calm on the political ocean: its most serene temper is the groundswell which follows, or the grim stillness which precedes, the storm, often more awful than the storm itself."

This observation is as true and as apt on the level of international affairs as in the intimate personal relations of politicians in Westminster, of which Rosebery in fact was writing. Looking back over 1962 I recollect a succession of complex depressions (if I may maintain the meteorological metaphor) scurrying, one after another, with undiminished ferocity, across the bleak, grey expanse of the political ocean. More than once the waves have been lashed into a perilous fury; the gale has screamed through the shrouds of England's battered old ship; she has sprung many a leak; her crew, red-eyed from lack of sleep, slither doggedly from task to task on her heaving decks; the thinning cargo lurches about the hold ; and the captain utters frequent exhortations over the internal broadcasting system.

It would be tedious, as well as quite unprofitable, to traverse all the hazards we have somehow or other passed in the past 12 months. However as the last short days of December dwindle wintrily, I have a suspicion that most of us, recalling an especially stressful week towards the end of October—I myself was on holiday within ten miles of

An East German officer with his weapon at the ready peers through a hole blown in the Berlin Wall from the west side. The incident occurred last month

Fylingdales—will murmur, with sincere thankfulness, and no trace of defiance or sarcasm: " We have survived."

To those who, in the 1930s, lived through an endless series of Hitler's weekends, this is a wryly familiar experience; we find ourselves resuming old habits, such as lightening personal baggage and keeping our lifejackets with us at all times—not that these, if the storm of the 1960s really does its worst with us, will really be any help. For the young it has been, I think, fiercely formative; to them it is, at the moment, little use pointing out that the worst did not happen; they are still frightened, frustrated and seething with anger—not a comfortable or markedly constructive attitude, but better than complacent passivity.

For alongside the great unquestionable fact of survival (would I be hopelessly biased if I called it the benefit of survival?) there must in all fairness be ranged a pretty dismal parade of negatives. East-West tension has not, despite all kinds of zephyrs of optimism between and in the middle of squalls, noticeably diminished. Any progress towards agreement on disarmament in the apparently endless talks at Geneva has been minimal. France's last major withdrawal from empire, from Algeria, has been effected—at a cost in blood and grief, as well as in cash, which nobody has yet dared to assess—but Britain faces a similarly painful challenge now in Central Africa, where everyone who genuinely believes (as I have believed) in multiracialism as the only constructive and honourable alternative to racial domination has passed through one sombre disappointment and disillusionment after another.

The wall across Berlin remains as the glaring symbol of a sullenly divided Europe; and across that wall the two great nuclear Powers confront each other, in a state of naked preparation and alertness for combat, which could be very shocking and very alarming—if it were not so familiar a phenomenon and so easily taken for granted. After some 16 months however it is no longer news; it is just one of the facts of international life which it is more expedient to swallow than to continue to gird against.

In South-East Asia the Communists maintain incessant pressure, making steady though little-noticed gains. There is about their campaign in what was once the peaceful, pleasant land of Indo-China, a massive, patient purposefulness and a disregard of tactical loss set against strategic intention. They are, as the irruption in Borneo has shown (to any but the party member and the fellow-traveller), aggressive imperialists, animated by a lust for territorial expansion at least as great as that of the Russians in their ruthless colonisation of Central Asia, before, during and after the Bolshevik Revolution. Operations in this new theatre are likely to be as protracted and as much of a drain on manpower and on effort as the war in Indo-China and the campaign in Malaya.

At the beginning of last week Mr. Macmillan returned from Rambouillet, with a splendid bag of pheasants, but not the smallest diplomatic achievement to his credit, and then set off at once for Nassau. The communiqué issued after his conversations with General de Gaulle revealed that there had been for Britain no amelioration at all of the rather desperate position in which she now stands over her efforts to enter the European Economic Community; but the admission that there were difficulties in reaching agreement was mildly salutary, if a trifle belated. Some commentators managed to extract a degree of satisfaction from the enigmatic statement that the President and Prime Minister found themselves in close agreement on Western policy and Western defence; and it was solemnly recorded that " Whitehall took comfort from the ' good spirit ' which prevailed."

At the time of writing I do not know, and I certainly have no desire to predict, the outcome of the Nassau meeting between President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan; but I daresay that, when these words appear in print, the same commentators, and the same anonymous " Whitehall " spokesmen, will have taken comfort from the thought that the two statesmen have not called each other rude names in public.

Admittedly, it has proved virtually impossible as yet to put the three major diplomatic developments of 1962 into their correct historical perspective. Considering their magnitude, and considering the extent and complexity of their consequences, this is hardly unexpected. I realise ruefully that some poor mugs must, but I know that I should hate to have to write a detailed appreciation of the causes, course and effects of the widening rift between the Soviet Union and Communist China, the Chinese attack on India and China's unilateral declaration of a cease-fire, and the Cuban crisis.

Of course none of these vast issues is a tidy, isolated affair; all are interlinked at many political and strategic levels; each is properly to be regarded as a manifestation of a major trend, rather than as an episode on its own. But the most significant connection between them, in my view, is the dual impression, which they all convey, of China as the fanatical inheritor and propagator of complete, pure and unadulterated Marxist doctrine, the temple of the new heresy's great orthodoxy, and, by contrast, of the Soviet Union as reformist, empirical, realistic and moderate. The doctrinal arguments currently being exchanged between Pekin and Moscow, through all the turgid involutions of the jargon in which they are conducted, demonstrate (I believe) the depth of the gulf between the advocates of the two sects of Marxism.

At the end of this tempestuous and far from happy year, I find myself pondering one final theme. My attitude towards it is, I confess, interrogatory rather than positively affirmative. Are we in Britain coming at last to realise what our true position in the new world—the world of the latter half of the twentieth century—is going to be? Political nostalgia, I declared last week, is as dangerous and delusive as it is easy.

I have listened with close attention, recently, to the 1962 series of Reith Lectures, given by Professor G. M. Carstairs, who holds the chair of Psychological Medicine at Edinburgh University. The general heading of his talks has been " The Changing British Character." In a dry, clipped, curiously antiseptic Edinburgh voice, he has said much that is important and salutary; and in his final talk he made the point that in our changed (and still changing) role in the world, " we have succeeded in accepting the loss of a great deal of our former power and influence, without losing our self-respect."

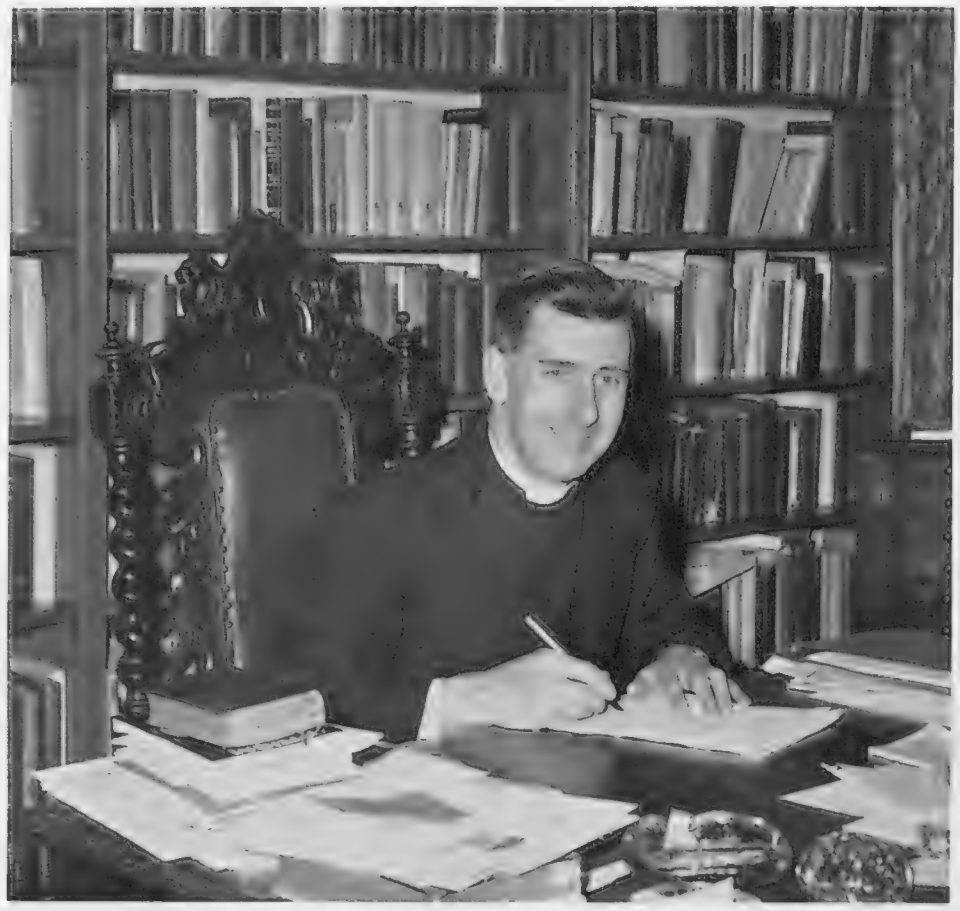
I began this article with a remark of Lord Rosebery's. Ten years ago or more, when the process of imperial liquidation was in its earlier stages, I read a speech which he made at Adelaide in 1894, in which—far ahead of his time—he enunciated his theory that the British Empire was a Commonwealth of Nations. Defining the idea of an Imperial break-up, and offering a nobler vision of consolidation, Rosebery concluded: " Empires, and especially great Empires, when they crumble at all, are apt to crumble exceeding small."

Does our real hope for the future lie in the acceptance of Lord Rosebery's harsh dictum and its transmutation into the healing belief expressed by Professor Carstairs?

On market day in Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia, inhabitants from the surrounding countryside arrive in the market to spend a day selling their wares. Unlike British buses with the strict rules about passenger capacity, Cambodian buses can be crammed to bursting. On reaching Phnom Penh, the passengers descend not only from the crowded interior but also from the luggage rack on the top

AND THE REST ON TOP

At Thomson House, in London, Mr. Michel Melas, the Greek Ambassador in London, invests Mr. Roy Thomson with the Insignia of a Commander of the Royal Order of the Phoenix. The order was conferred on Mr. Thomson in recognition of the Thomson Organisation's "fair-minded and friendly attitude" to the Greek nation



Canon A. J. Trillo, Principal of Bishops' College, Cheshunt, since 1955, is at his desk at the College. He has been appointed to succeed the Right Rev. Basil Guy, translated to Gloucester, as Bishop-Suffragan of Bedford. Canon Trillo is 47 and was born in London

Rising above the new buildings in Howland Street, London, is the new G.P.O. tower, being erected above the Museum Telephone Exchange. When completed it will be 500 ft. high and the highest building in London

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

HAPPY NEW YEAR. No doubt, for many thousands of our countrymen, the dying year of 1962 proved quite a happy and prosperous year. Some can draw happiness from within themselves even *in rebus angustis*. For others their cosmos is confined to their own ring-fence or back yard which may have escaped the slings and arrows of political events—all those whose business careers, family affairs and general health prospered. But, judged as it generally is in journalistic New Year reviews, historically and politically, 1962 is unlikely to be recorded very favourably. It produced very alarming convulsions in nature and politics. For one thing it brought humanity as near as at present it dares to go to the crater edge of nuclear war, and here and there shooting wars on quite a large scale and natural calamities cost an unusually large number of lives and destruction of property. At home it was certainly a bad year for the Government in power in the results of by-elections, in the sharp increase in unemployment, in the slow progress of Common Market negotiations and the disappointing advance in productivity. I am not a besotted optimist, but in wishing my readers a happy New Year I feel rather more faith in that annual and conventional wish than usually I have done in post-war years. For I sincerely believe that the most alarming event of 1962 has already done something, and may do more, to restore to humanity some degree of sanity, moderation and repentance, internationally and even nationally. All over the world, in the last month or so, there have been faint signs of a prudent withdrawal from the crater's edge to which total concentration on individual aims and ambitions inevitably leads men and nations. The old nursery saws perhaps are coming back to be considered as not mere childish jingles but as essential wisdom. In 1962 humanity was badly burned. It may be that 1963 will come to be recorded as a turning point in world history and that, in beginning to recognise the other fellow's point of view, the burnt child in every nursery will keep well away from the fire. Man's cosmos must cease to be all ego.

"HARK, HARK, THE WATCHDOGS BARK." But not very effectively, though some bark quite loud, if others merely whimper. The Public Accounts Committee, for instance, usually gives a lurid growl when it reports to Parliament shocking instances of departmental waste of public money. But it never succeeds in making the flesh of M.P.s creep or the Ministers and permanent officials concerned walk in sackcloth. The milking of the taxpayer goes on after some Government spokesman has excused some "trifling" error of judgment and promised to look into matters. The Press Council is a much gentler watchdog. It roars as gently as any sucking dove when it reports on alleged instances of breach of "good taste" in journalism. But whether *suaviter* or *fortiter* be the method employed by these watchdogs, the result is much the same. Nobody seems a penny the worse or better. The supplementaries continue as merrily as ever and newspaper readers still find plenty of material for pained disapproval—or enjoyment. The watchdogs need more bite than bark.

JANE AUSTEN'S ANONYMITY. An interesting article in *The Times Literary Supplement* of November 30 called attention to an obituary notice of her death published in the Winchester *Courier* four days after her death in that city. It suggested that that obituary notice, drafted by her sister Cassandra and published in no other newspaper, first tore down the veil of anonymity which she preserved all her life, by acknowledging the authorship of the four most famous novels. The implication is that her most famous biographer, Dr. Chapman, was never aware that her anonymity was torn down so soon after her death as four days; and certainly her family did not realise the importance of their famous

On a Sunday morning in the Petticoat Lane market in Bishopsgate, East London, crowds of shoppers with an eye open for a bargain are reflected in ornate mirrors which are hung on one of the street-side stalls of the market. Petticoat Lane on a Sunday morning has long been one of London's favourite sights

relation and the public interest which would be aroused by the publication of all existing Austeniana for several decades after her death. But to do Dr. Chapman justice, it is worth quoting his own words from his *Jane Austen*. He wrote: " The pretence of anonymity had been given up *immediately after her death*." That sentence does not suggest that he was unaware of the *Courier's* exclusive or first acknowledgment of the authorship. The article treats also of the recently recalled poem *Venta* initialled J.A. The evidence it supplies clearly points to this poem being the work of James Austen, then at Winchester, and not of Jane. Here, Dr. Chapman *may* have been in error.

ETON HEAD. Dr. Robert Birley has announced his retirement after the summer half as headmaster of Eton. He has held the post 13 years and has been in the business of education since 1926. It has often been said since Victorian times that " butlers, premiers and headmasters " should not stay too long at their posts but should go when the going is good, the cellar still full, the by-elections favourable and the scholastic triumphs of the pupils adequate. Dr. Birley will be missed. He has no doubt chosen a good time for making a change which, especially at Eton, must always be a hard decision and a sad farewell, but his new job in Johannesburg is no final stage in the career of a vigorous and able man of only 59. Who will succeed him? Many a young public-school headmaster will be weighing his own chances. A provost of Eton may be gathered in from many fields of activity; a headmaster is chosen from one field only. For the " little victims," a change is always exciting. They are not entirely " unconscious of their doom." They know that every change of headmaster will involve some change in their curriculum—and schoolboys are usually conservative. Moreover, *vestigia nulla retrorsum* when new brooms begin to sweep.

THE OLD STAGER

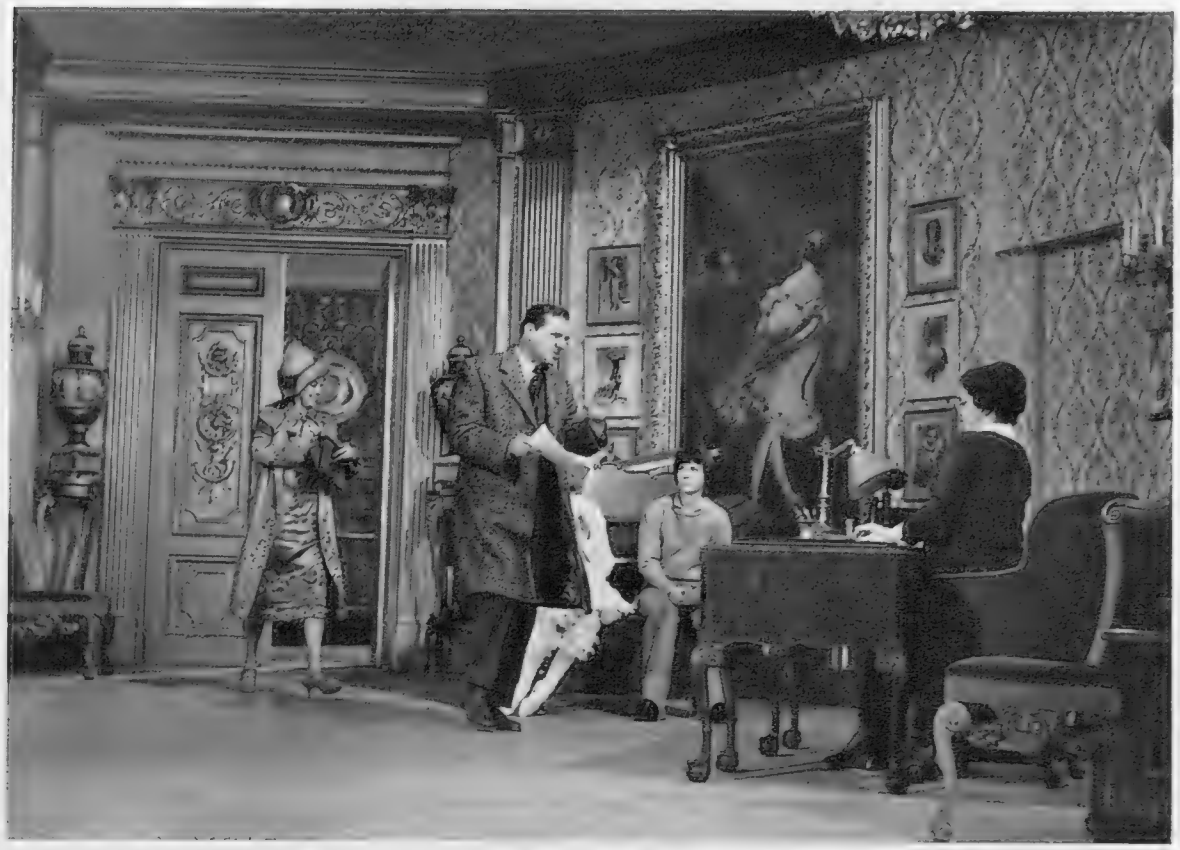
Dockworkers at Southampton engage in what looks like a tug-of-war with a heavy hawser as the *Queen Elizabeth* is manœuvred into dock. The famous liner arrived at Southampton shortly before Christmas for her annual overhaul

Rehearsals for Uncle Jocko's Kiddie Kapers are in full swing in a small Oregon theatre. In the limelight are Baby Louise (Diane Pace) and Baby June (Suzanne Cupito), and in the wings rig

In a New York hotel—Herbie and Rose (Rosalind Russell), with her two children who have now grown up into plain Louise (Natalie Wood) and Dainty June (Anne Jilliann). **Below:** Louise vainly rehearses in order to take her sister's place in the act

In a burlesque theatre in Wichita Louise watches Mazeppa (Faith Dane), a striptease dancer, demonstrate her gimmick, playing a trumpet. **Below:** Louise, now known as Gypsy Rose Lee, quarrels with her mother

cko, otherwise Herbie Sommers (Karl Malden)



Herbie, followed by Rose, tries to negotiate a contract with the secretary of the leading New York impresario, Mr. Grantzinger

At Minsky's in New York, Gypsy Rose Lee stops the show. **Right:** Her mother Rose dreams she can do as well

ENTERTAINMENT

GYPSY

At the Warner Theatre

One of the most remarkable of show business stories is that of Rose Hovick and her two small daughters. One of them grew up to become June Havoc, film star and author of a moving autobiography, and the other to become Gypsy Rose Lee, a striptease dancer whose name became famous all over the world. Her autobiography—*The Memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee*—provided the basis for a successful Broadway musical, which has now been turned into a rousing backstage musical film. In this, released by Warners, Rose Hovick, stunningly played by Rosalind Russell, is the archetype of stage mothers, wanting to get her daughters on the stage to realise her own frustrated ambitions. Nothing stands in her way as she tours with them in an act called " Baby June and her Newsboys " round the American vaudeville circuits of the 1920's. She is helped by a professional compère turned salesman called Herbie. But the children are growing up and vaudeville is dying; the Depression and the talkies are killing it. June cannot stand being dominated by her mother and leaves the act: indomitably Rose tries to get Louise to take her place but without success, until Louise takes to the new fashion, burlesque, stops the show at Minsky's in New York, and becomes Gypsy Rose Lee. Out of this splendid material has been fashioned a big, fast, tuneful musical. Surprisingly enough, because it concentrates on the children growing up, it is more a family than " girlie " show.

The young Louise dances with Tulsa (Paul Wallace), a member of the act, with whom she has fallen in love

THE YEAR IN THE COMMON

JANUARY

The Queen, not long back from her West African tour, included several Commonwealth knights in her New Year Honours list: for example, Sir Learie Constantine and Sir Michael Blundell. Later in the year Sir Learie took up his duties as High Commissioner in London for Trinidad and Tobago. Western Samoa became independent, but by the end of the year had still not decided whether or not to apply for Commonwealth membership. The Anglo-Nigerian Defence Pact was abrogated by mutual agreement, and a Pan-African Conference in Lagos was undermined at the last minute by the withdrawal of the Casablanca powers. In Tanganyika Julius Nyerere resigned as Prime Minister six weeks after independence, to rebuild his party Tanu from the grass roots. Bush fires ravaged the area round Melbourne in Australia. The second Commonwealth Education Conference met in New Delhi and made further proposals to strengthen Commonwealth educational ties.

A pilgrimage of Maltese women on behalf of the pro-church parties, in the general election in February

Mr. Jomo Kenyatta, leader of the Kenya African National Union, with Dr. Ramsey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, at a party in London

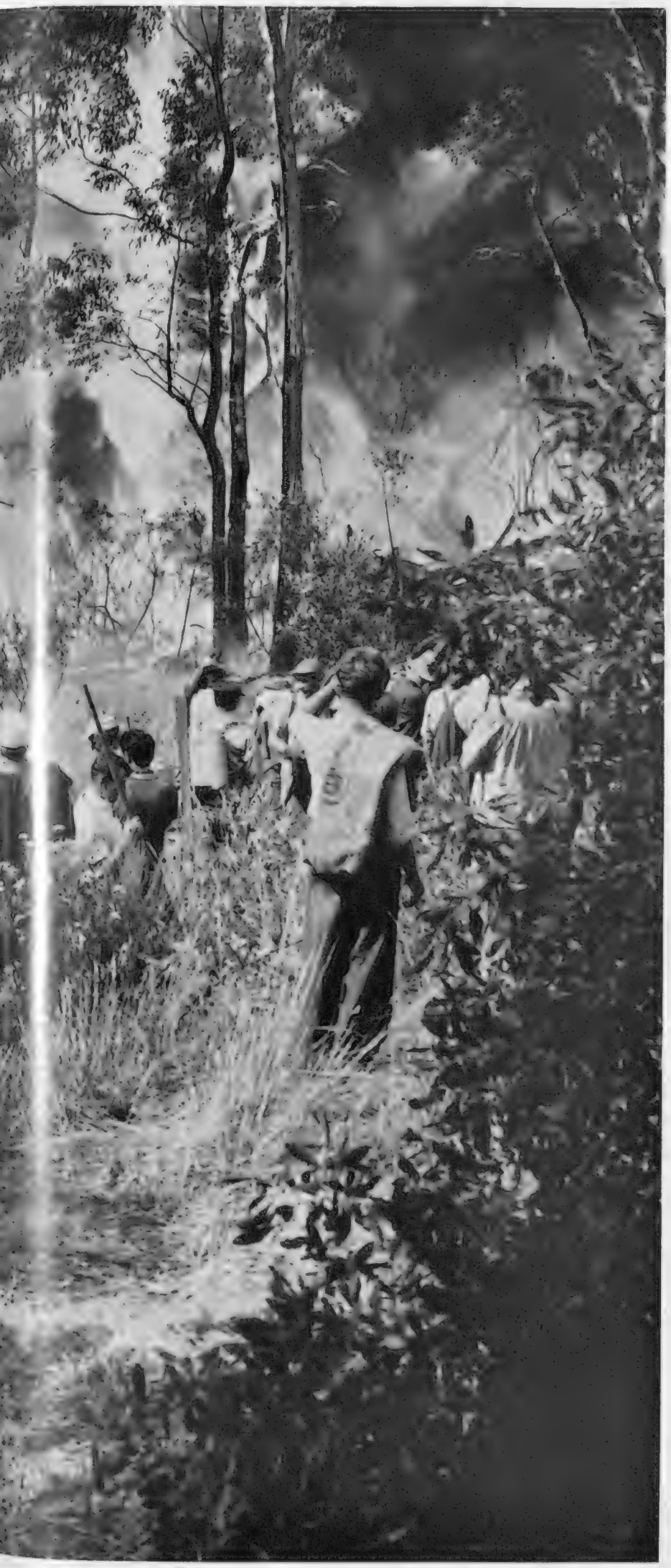
FEBRUARY

The general election in Malta returned Dr. Borg Olivier to power as the first elected Premier since the constitution was suspended in 1958. Mr. Maudling, the Colonial Secretary, returning from the Caribbean, declared the dissolution of the West Indies Federation, and at a constitutional conference made provision for Jamaican independence. February also saw the beginning of a conference on one of the most intractable colonial problems, Kenya. This brought to London Jomo Kenyatta in his new capacity as party leader of Kanu. India survived all the prognostications of its holy men that the world was to end on February 5, to witness the Republic's third general election; this was once again won by Mr. Nehru's Congress Party. Prince Philip visited British Guiana at the start of his South American tour, just missing the riots of " Black Friday " in which the centre part of Georgetown was burnt, and five people killed. President Nkrumah of Ghana opened to commercial traffic the £18,000,000 deep-water harbour at Tema. Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Secretary, toured Central Africa.

Flames rage in the heavily timbered country along the roadside in Kalorama near Melbourne

WEALTH

A record of the main events in 1962



Bush fires were prevalent last January in Australia

Mr. Gopallawa is sworn in as Ceylon's first Buddhist Governor-General

MARCH

President Ayub Khan of Pakistan signed a new constitution providing for a Presidential Republic with National Assemblies elected by an electoral college, in turn elected by universal suffrage. Mr. Maudling announced slight but significant amendments to the Constitution of Northern Rhodesia making African government a little more likely. This brought Sir Roy Welensky protesting to London, without avail. Soon after the direction of the British Government's Central African policy was placed under Mr. Butler in a new post, Minister for Central African Affairs, thus superseding the dual control of C.R.O. and Colonial office. Ceylon had a new Governor-General, Mr. Gopallawa. Uganda obtained self-government under its first Prime Minister, Mr. Kiwanuka, who lost office the next month.

President Ayub signs Pakistan's new constitution at a ceremony on March 1

APRIL

The Kenya Conference ended with a coalition government of the two parties Kanu and Kadu imposed by Mr. Maudling. The conference on Zanzibar broke up without agreement. Nigeria introduced a £676,000,000 development plan for 1962-8. Sir Alexander Bustamente, aged 78, defeated his cousin Norman Manley in the Jamaican elections. Elections were also held in Central Africa (won by Sir Roy Welensky's UFP) and in Uganda, won by Mr. Obote's Uganda People's Congress (in coalition with the Kabaka Yekka party of Buganda). The Pakistani test team arrived; they lost four and drew one of the tests.

Sir Roy Welensky at Broken Hill. **Right:** Javed Burki, Pakistan's cricket captain

THE YEAR IN THE

The "Little Eight" Conference, the first to be held at the new Commonwealth Centre at Marlborough House which was opened by the Queen in March

MAY

The first conference to be held in the new Commonwealth Centre at Marlborough House in London proposed a new West Indies Federation comprising eight islands of the East Caribbean. It was followed by the independence conference of Trinidad and Tobago which, like Jamaica, decided to "go it alone." Mr. Butler visited Central Africa. Hong Kong was deluged with so many refugees from Communist China that it had to start unhappily turning them away. Dr. Radhakrishnan took office as India's new President following Dr. Prasad's retirement. Sir Milton Margai won Sierra Leone's first General Election since independence, and so continued as Prime Minister.

JUNE AND JULY

Commonwealth interest in Britain's negotiations to join the Common Market began to heighten. Following the visit to London of Mr. Marshall, New Zealand's Deputy Premier, came Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister. Mr. Sandys added the Colonies to his responsibilities as Commonwealth Relations Secretary. The Commonwealth Immigrants Bill became law in Britain, and an agreement was signed on the proposed Federation of Greater Malaysia, to come into being in 1963. This was to embrace Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, North Borneo and Brunei. Mr. Diefenbaker only just managed to win Canada's elections.

The Queen with the 16 full delegates to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference after her

AUGUST

On August 6 Jamaica became independent after 307 years of British rule. Princess Margaret represented the Queen at the celebrations, which preceded the holding of the Caribbean Games in Kingston. August 31 saw another West Indian independence, when Princess Alice represented the Queen at the transfer of power in Trinidad and Tobago. Agreement was reached on a plan to incorporate Aden into the South Arabian Federation; this later ran into trouble. Dr. Olivier announced that Malta would seek independence within the Commonwealth. Mr. Lee, Premier of Singapore, won a vital referendum on Malaysia.

Mr. Menzies in London. **Right:** British and Malaysian Ministers smile after the Greater Malaysia talks. **Below:** Concord on Jamaican independence at the February conference. **Right:** Dr. Williams, Trinidad's Premier, with his daughter Erica

The Trans-Canada Highway in Banff National Park, Alberta. The Highway was opened by Mr. Di

COMMONWEALTH

banque in Buckingham Palace

SEPTEMBER

A month overshadowed completely by the Prime Ministers' Conference of the 15 independent states of the Commonwealth and Sir Roy Welensky. Various colonial Prime Ministers, acting as advisers to the Colonial Secretary, also attended. There was much plain speaking expressing Commonwealth misgivings about Britain's application to join the EEC, but the final communiqué showed understanding of Britain's need to go into Europe. Ayub Khan visited Canada, Mr. Nehru visited Nigeria. New Zealand appointed the Commonwealth's first Ombudsman, Sir Guy Powles.

Diefenbaker in September

Drummers entertain the Duke of Kent during Uganda's independence celebrations. **Right:** President Nkrumah at the opening of Parliament in Accra with Madame Fathia

OCTOBER

The Duke of Kent represented the Queen at Uganda's independence on October 9. President Nkrumah of Ghana opened Parliament, his second public appearance after the attempt on his life in August, which had prevented him from attending the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. China turned on the pressure on India's frontiers and Mr. Nehru spoke of a Dunkirk spirit. A conference on British Guiana met but failed to resolve differences between parties. Northern Rhodesia's elections portended an African government. In S. Rhodesia, following September's banning of Zapu, its leader Mr. Nkomo was detained.

Mr. Nehru with Mr. Menon in New Delhi on Independence Day in August

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

The dilemma of Mr. Nehru, faced with the Chinese advance on Assam, which stopped at the eleventh hour, was viewed with sympathy in most Commonwealth countries. The crisis forced the resignation of his Defence Minister, Mr. Menon. Dr. Banda gained wide self-governing powers for Nyasaland. Tanganyika became a Republic, with Dr. Nyerere as President. The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association met in Lagos, and the new Commonwealth Institute was opened in London by the Queen. The Commonwealth Games were held in Australia. The revolt in Brunei complicated the Malaysian Federation proposals. The year ended with Australia and New Zealand eagerly awaiting next year's visit from the Queen and Prince Philip.

Mr. Njoku, Nigerian Minister of Transport, with the Oba of Lagos during the meeting of the C.P.A. **Right:** Dr. Nyerere celebrates Tanganyika's Republic Day

FAREWELL AND WELCOME

Above: H.M. Troopship *Oxfordshire* lies in Grand Harbour, Malta, at the conclusion of her last voyage. Earlier this year the Government announced all trooping in future will be carried out by air transport and troopships will therefore not be retained. **Below:** On the first "At Home" day at the new Chelsea barracks in London visitors watch the band of the Coldstream Guards march off after the guard-mounting

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

LEICESTERSHIRE SURPRISES

A Leicestershire enthusiast, W. G. Hoskins, has pointed out that, while there are endless books about the Cotswolds and the Chilterns, the Shakespeare country and East Anglia, the Pennines and the Peak, about the country all around, there is very little about Leicestershire. Almost in the centre of England, Leicestershire remains virtually unknown.

I am not surprised. This is not guide book country. Leicestershire is an astonishingly negative county. It has no really high ground. I do not know what is the highest point, but I feel fairly sure that it must be in Charnwood Forest and that would be below 1,000 ft.; and Charnwood Forest, though it appears rugged enough with its ridges of bare rock and deep pools (which are water-filled quarries), is really only a pocket handkerchief of a place and all too easy to miss. It has no broad river, no great castle (Belvoir Castle is early nineteenth century), no ancient cathedral city, no historic manor house (though several interesting ruins, notably Bradgate which was one of the earliest unfortified houses in Britain), and no outstandingly beautiful village. On the whole, Leicestershire villages tend to be plain and uninteresting.

It really is not surprising that people pass through Leicestershire without attempting to explore it. This is not tourist country. If Leicestershire is known at all, then it is known as *the* fox-hunting county. In fact, here as elsewhere, fox-hunting is of but little economic importance. Agriculture is very important, of course; that one would expect. But so also is granite. How many people know that Leicestershire annually produces more granite than any other county in England and Wales? Yet that, surprising though it may seem, is the fact. There is more, much more, in Leicestershire than meets the eye.

And that is equally true of Leicester itself. Everyone knows it as a great manufacturing centre. It has for long led the world in the production of knitwear and it is the leading centre in Britain for the manufacture of hosiery. In fact, nearly half the British-made socks sold in the United States are made by one firm in Leicester. It is also a great " boot and shoe " town, specialising in women's shoes and children's shoes: it has an important engineering industry: it is a great centre for printing, bookbinding and the manufacture of cardboard boxes: one of the most famous of sweets (Fox's Glacier Mints) and one of the most famous of biscuits, Frears, perhaps more famous in the United States than here, are made in Leicester.

And so one could go on and on; Leicester is the centre for a multitude of industrial processes, a town with virtually no unemployment (very much less than the national average), and almost certainly the most prosperous town in Britain. Indeed, I have been assured (in Leicester!) that the standard of living here, taken as a whole, is higher than anywhere else in Europe: which may well be true.

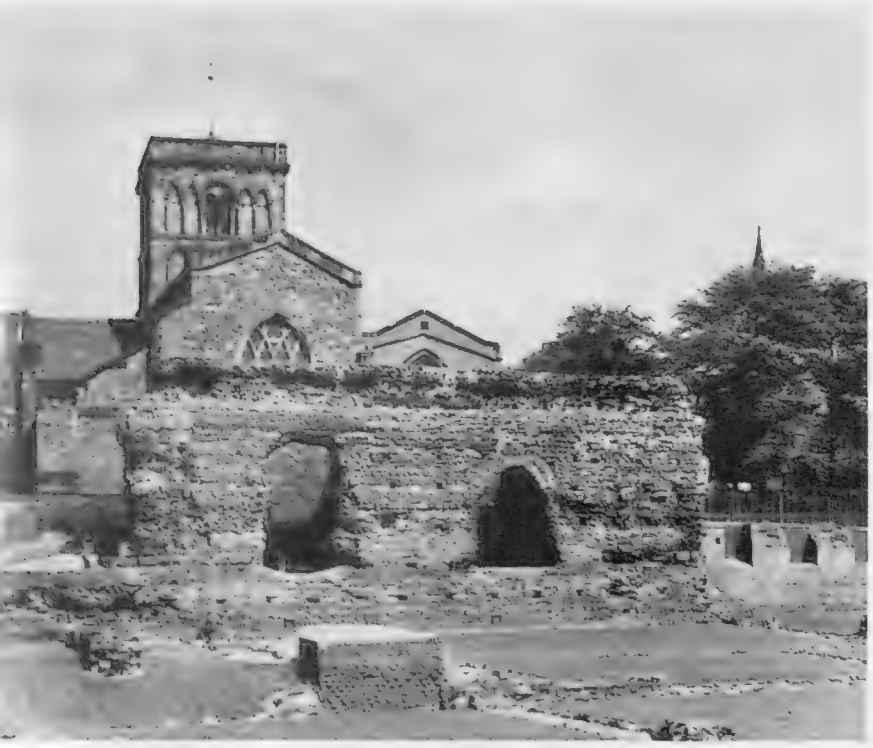
Now, manufacturing centres in Britain are, as a general rule, grimy places. Many years ago I lived and worked in Leicester for a short while, and I remember that when I set off to do so I was sure that I was going to live in soot and grime. I remember how surprised I was at the cleanliness of the place. Leicester's industries are " clean " industries and this must surely be the least grimy of all British industrial centres. That was the first surprise. The second, for it must be admitted that outside the centre Leicester is architecturally drab at first sight, was to find that this is a city of spires. And each time I return, which must be three or four times a year, I am struck anew by this little publicised feature. I do not know how many churches there are in Leicester. There must be nearly a score in inner Leicester alone. The effect, contrasted with the general industrial architecture of both factory and dwelling-house, which is just about as hideous as that everywhere else in the industrial midlands, is striking and, in some indefinable way, movingly beautiful.

Of the churches St. Mary-de-Castro with its needle spire, especially when seen from a distance, is outstanding. St. Mary-de-Castro stands in Castle Yard. Passing under the half-timbered fifteenth-century gatehouse into the Yard, you pass into another world: you simply cannot believe that you are in the centre of one of our greatest industrial cities. You might be in Chester or Ely; not in the hosiery centre of the world.

There are many odd little corners like this in Leicester, for though Leicester is in some ways the most modern of towns it is also one of the most ancient. This, as the name implies, was a Roman town and there are still many Roman remains to be seen; and, indeed, in one place (the Jewry Wall) more conspicuously than in any other English city. When I lived in Leicester I had very little money, which is a spur to exploration! For explorers there is a Roman tessellated pavement, one of the finest in England, preserved in a special chamber, in Blackfriars Street near the Central Station, and another, the Peacock pavement, in St. Nicholas Street.

There is also the Abbey, where Cardinal Wolsey died. The great monastic church, and Wolsey's tomb, have long since disappeared, but the outline of the foundations, and those of the cloisters and other conventual buildings, can be clearly seen in the green turf of what is now a delightful, and exceedingly well-kept, public garden. And in what other industrial city would you find a New Walk? This tree-fringed promenade, lined by pleasant old houses, runs for one mile through the heart of the city and is free of all wheeled traffic: you may walk undisturbed for the whole of its length. There were once similar walks in other great British cities. All have fallen before the armies of progress.

And here we come to what is, perhaps, the greatest surprise of all. Leicester, so careful in preserving its ancient heritage, so ahead of the times in so many ways, is singularly poor in good twentieth-century building. Only the de Montfort Hall, which was completed before the first world war, and was then far in advance of its time, stands out as really impressive. Since my time a great new road, Charles Street, has been built in the centre of the city. It really is a wonderful street in its conception, but along the whole length the architecture is undistinguished to say the least. But, of course, this also means that in the centre of Leicester there is scarcely any modern " slab " —and that is a very pleasant surprise.



Roman remains, including the Jewry Wall, in Leicester, and St. Nicholas Church

Modern developments in Leicester—a multi-storey car park above a supermarket

LONDON CLUBS

THE BATH

Drawings by **Geoffrey S. Fletcher**

The exterior of the Bath Club in Brook Street near Grosvenor Square. The building was once occupied by the Guards Club. **Below:** The roof garden is one of the many attractions of the Georgian building of the Bath

When the Bath Club was founded in the 1890's its Articles of Association laid down that its main object should be the development of various sports. Swimming was one of them and the embryonic club was also empowered to acquire land for the erection of swimming or other baths and other " places of recreation."

This was duly done in the premises specially adapted at 34, Dover Street (formerly the town house of the Marquis of Abergavenny). Throughout its career the club has always maintained a wide interest in sports. In 1910 a writer on London clubs estimated that because of its swimming bath and the fact that it was a mixed club the Bath had the longest waiting list of any club in London.

In 1941 the Dover Street premises had the almost unique experience of being destroyed by fire from natural causes and not from enemy action. Members were taken in by the Conservative Club in St. James's Street. After the war the Bath took over 41-43, Brook Street from the Guards Club. In 1951 the Bath and the Conservative clubs merged under the name of the Bath Club and for some years they jointly used the Conservative's St. James's Street house. But in 1959 they went back to the Bath Club premises in Brook Street.

Like much of the architecture in this street, Nos. 41-43 date from the end of the eighteenth century or from the start of the nineteenth. The front, apart from the stuccoed entrances, is late Georgian. So is the interior. For instance, the fireplace in the bar is in fine Adam style.

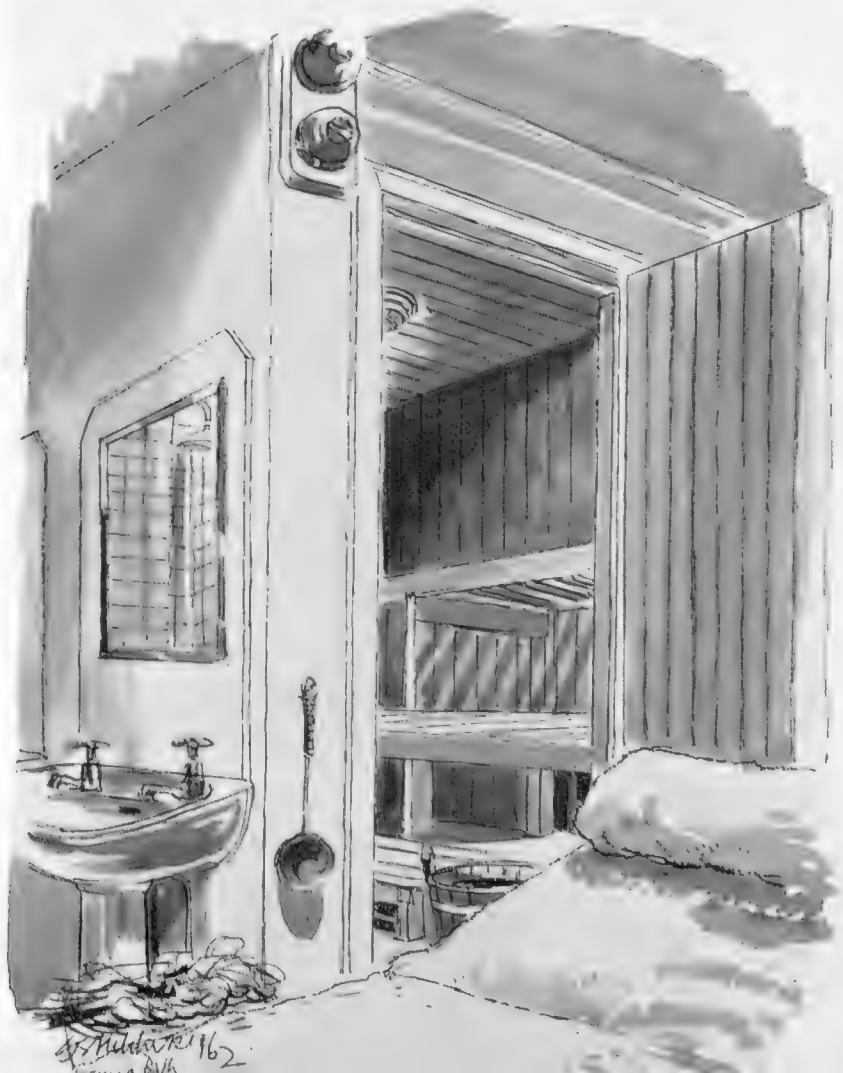
However, there has been Edwardian restyling in some of the rooms. It has not a swimming bath in its present premises but the club can still claim to justify its title from its Sauna bath.

C.D.

The Ladies' Drawing Room. The club has always had a ladies' membership

Below: The Sauna bath which carries on the club's tradition

Below: The Members' Bar, a fine example of the late Georgian interior



TRAVEL

SOUTH AFRICA

By **GORDON COOPER**

Whether you arrive by sea or by air the Union of South Africa will surely enchant you. If time allows I think the sea approach is best, not only because the journey out allows complete rest and relaxation, but also for the best opportunity of seeing one of the finest natural wonders in the whole world: Table Mountain, rising 3,500 feet above Cape Town, its bold and splendid outline illuminated with the ethereal early morning light. Later, when strolling around the city, one's eyes are constantly gazing up at this famous landmark—a sight of which I certainly never tire.

The south-western tip of Africa—embracing Cape Town, the Cape Peninsula and the surrounding countryside of the Western Province—contains so much that is enjoyable and fascinating that you may well decide to go no farther into the hinterland or along the coast. Possibly at first you may find the geography of Cape Town and the Cape Peninsula somewhat puzzling; so the first business is to get orientated. A trip by cable car to the summit of Table Mountain is a recommended method of getting your bearings.

Cape Town actually faces north into the South Atlantic, but a short bus ride takes you to Sea Point, in the West, where the chill waters of the Atlantic keep the temperatures down. No wonder the sea breeze here is called the "Doctor" on hot Cape Town January days. But a half-hour's ride by an electric suburban train will bring you from Cape Town's Adderley Street station to Muizenberg, a lush resort on the Indian Ocean where the temperature of the sea is always at least 10—and sometimes 16—degrees warmer than at Sea Point.

Most British visitors arrive in South Africa during the period from November to April, the summertime there. It's a Mediterranean summer, very warm to hot by day, cool at night, and virtually without rain. Get a Berg wind from the interior and you will certainly want to seek Sea Point for a breath of its chill air; but with the more normal sea breezes you find the most perfect weather imaginable.

On the west, or cold water, side of the Cape Peninsula are a number of resorts, such as Bantry Bay, Clifton and Chapman's Peak. But if you want to be surer of warmth, try the other side, at places like Kalk Bay, Fish Hoek, Glencairn or Smitswinkel Bay. Perhaps Muizenberg with its esplanades, its many hotels and entertainments and its surf-board riding will appeal to you. It certainly attracts visitors.

From Cape Town you can drive right round the Cape Peninsula in less than two hours. You should visit Groot Constantia, near Wynberg, one of the best preserved examples of old Dutch architecture. It is now a Museum run by the State. Nearby are the vineyards from which the famous Constantia light table wine is produced. At Rondebosch you'll find the championship tennis courts where most of South Africa's leading matches are played, and at the next station—Newlands—the great cricket oval, scene of so many Anglo-South African Tests.

But there is so much to see within easy reach of Cape Town. A number of British

Cape Town and the Table Mountain from Blaauwberg Strand,

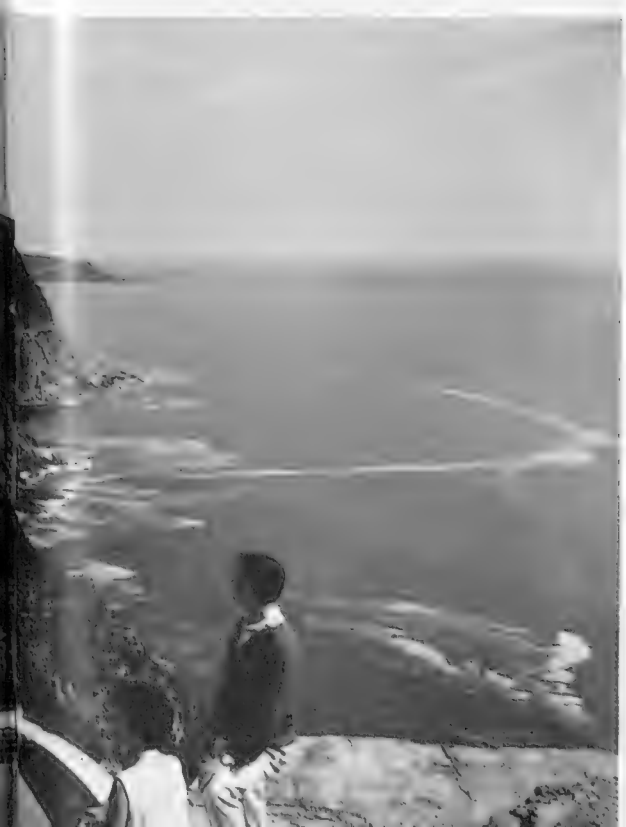
Union Castle's 33,000-ton R.M.S. *Transvaal Castle*

The old harbour at Hermanus, Cape Province. **Right:** Chapman's Peak road, Cape Province

bathing and fishing resort

sun-seekers have discovered Hermanus, a resort 60 miles from the city. It is on the Indian Ocean and well sheltered from winds by the great bulk of Cape Agulhas, South Africa's most southerly point; it actually lies 40 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope.

No visit to the Cape Province could be complete without a visit to Stellenbosch, the graceful University town 28 miles from Cape Town, or a trip by train up the main line to Paarl, centre of the Cape Dutch wine district and beyond, through the lovely Hex River Valley to Worcester. Here the Karoo begins, and in early summer the colours are unmatched as radiant-like plants spread in the well-watered areas. I would say that a few days spent as a paying guest on a Karoo farm will give you a better idea of the haunting appeal of the African veldt than anything else. The Tourist Information Office in Cape Town could advise you regarding arrangements.



Another recommended suggestion is to travel on a S.A. Railways motor-coach tour from Cape Town to Durban, taking five to six days, with night stops at Wilderness, Port Elizabeth, East London, Kokstad, and, on the six-day trip, Oudtshoorn, in both directions. Passengers may break their journey at any scheduled stop en route, and continue on a subsequent coach at no extra cost, other than for additional accommodation. The reasonable fares embrace all meals and hotel accommodation.

Durban is the centre of 300 miles of Indian Ocean coast accessible throughout its length by a tarred national road. The bathing there is fabulous. South of this city there are at least 36 charming beaches and a score or more to the north stretching up to Zululand. About a day's run by car brings you to the Royal Natal National Park: magnificent scenery, the Tugela River Falls, swimming, riding, fishing and a good hotel, the Royal National Park Hotel.

For those interested in wild life, there are two unusual opportunities: the Umfolozi Game Reserve and the St. Lucia Game Reserve. Both lie 140 miles north of Durban and are easily reached. Umfolozi is notable for its square-lipped (white) rhinos and antelope, while at St. Lucia there are hippo, crocodiles and the biggest variety of birds in the world. In both cases there are trail tours, with an opportunity (at Umfolozi) to camp out in the open, probably under Chaka's Rocks—where the great Zulu king himself slept many a night during a warring campaign or a hunting expedition. Particulars about these wilderness trails can be obtained from the South African Tourist Office in London.

Two other unusual travel experiences are to journey by air from Windhoek to the fantastic and distant Etosha Game Park (30,000 sq. miles in extent) in South-West Africa; adequate accommodation is available at Tsumeb. There is an organised round tour taking four days. Although South-West is mostly desert it exercises a haunting effect on the escapist, and once you have been there it will surely entice you to return. My last suggestion is to journey to the Roaring White Sands, a remote spot in the North-West Cape Province, close to the Kalahari National Park. These sands emit a strange roaring sound. Even when exported they maintain this curious feature, but only if the sand is kept dry; once wet, their peculiarity disappears. The A.A. can advise you how to reach this spot.

Access:

By sea there are many shipping lines with services to South Africa, including the Union-Castle (who offer interesting inclusive African tours) and Ellermans. By air, there are scheduled services by B.O.A.C., S. African Airways, and other national airlines. Worth noting, too, are the considerably less expensive excursions by Impala Skyways (to Lourenço Marques with first-class rail link to Johannesburg) and Trek Airways (London-Johannesburg). Particulars from your travel agent. Incidentally, these private line journeys are leisurely, with night stops en route.

Information:

South African Tourist Corporation, 70, Piccadilly, W.1.

Trek Airways, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

Impala Skyways, 26, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TRAVEL NUMBER

The Annual Section, with Articles by Gordon Cooper, deals with resorts and tours, and offers advice for a wide variety of holidays.

BOOKS

A TUDOR TRAGEDY

The life and death of Lady Jane Grey; a French saint; and a varied list of fiction

Lady Jane Grey has in general been treated by her many biographers as a modest and pious girl, a martyr and a near saint. There is, however, another viewpoint which takes into account the earlier age which, in Tudor times, was regarded as the time of maturity; the intellectual capacity of Jane herself and her very positive will. Miss Hester Chapman's LADY JANE GREY (Jonathan Cape. 25s.) is written from this angle and is a measured and reasonable account of the life of this gently born girl whose own parents were to abandon her in her great need and whose own chief passion was for learning. She was a girl—it is difficult at this distance to think of her as a woman—of formidable character and determination, not without a touch of arrogance and a proper sense of her own worth. But that she was innocent of complicity in the plot against the Queen has been proved and not only by her own declarations. When for weeks she was imprisoned in the Tower, the execution place lay just below the windows of her lodging and it was on that small part of the courtyard that she made her final, dignified last speech and then, blindfolded, groped her way to the scaffold. She was 16 years old. Miss Chapman's study of this unique figure in English history is as compassionate as it is searching and original.

MONSIEUR VINCENT—*The Story of St. Vincent de Paul* (Hawthorn-Harrap. 21s.) has been translated from the French of M. Henri Daniel-Rops, distinguished Catholic writer on mainly theological subjects. It is a charmingly produced volume with many illustrations, including reproductions of his portrait, the Papal Bull of his canonisation and photographs of present-day members of his order, while each page is decorated by line drawings of the seventeenth-century world in which the French saint worked and quietly, modestly made his influence felt. The translation by Julie Kernan is in keeping with the lucidity of M. Daniel-Rops' text.

This is a time of year that is regularly and often rightly referred to as the season of good cheer and so it is appropriate that at least one or two of the books under consideration should be funny ones, or at least books intended to amuse. A book of drawings by M. Jean-Jacques Sempé is particularly successful in this worthy object, and WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! (Perpetua. 21s.) is good enough to make one laugh aloud. M. Sempé's children could be Gallic cousins of Mr. Searle's schoolboys and girls, though a good deal less baleful, and they are apt to have the guileless expressions of schoolboys even as they perpetrate their most hair-raising tricks. They are often shown in relation to adults, whether parents or school-teachers, and there is an ineffable sketch of a small boy presenting his report card to his father while his sister and brothers play heart-softening music on violins and 'cello. Another shows a stampede of happy children from a classroom accompanied by an equally freedom-loving master, to the caption of "Obviously three hours of Latin is too much. . . ." The jokes about grown-ups are just as funny, with considerable bite but no malice, and if no one gives you the book for Christmas, I do suggest that you treat yourself to a copy to lighten the anti-climax of that after-Christmas week.

RULE OF THREE—*Afternoon at the Seaside*, one of the triple bill of plays by Agatha Christie presented at the Duchess Theatre, London. Mercy Haystead as The Beauty, and Robin May, Margot Boyd and Raymond Bowers

"I have a divine mission to beautify women and my assistants are my apostles." So spake Antoine, most famous of women's hairdressers, when telling the story of his life to Mr. Charles Graves, who has set it down in an entertaining if, by its nature, slightly baroque little book, DEVOTION TO BEAUTY (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.). Antoine was Polish and penniless when he first arrived in Paris and landed a job at two francs a week. This was at the turn of the century. Now he is approaching 80, a very rich man with a self-confidence which is reflected in his philosophy for living and in his meticulous arrangements for death and burial. Mr. Graves has really done him proud.

One of the most important books in the field of fiction this week is not a new production but A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME (Heinemann. 42s.), a volume which contains three of Mr. Anthony Powell's novels, continuous in action and forming the first three books of his celebrated long novel. Here the reader may refresh himself by re-living the saga, go back to the emergence of Widmerpool and follow both his and the narrator, Jenkins's, path through post-school days, through the gaiety of the days before the Depression and up to the far from final chapters in which Widmerpool continues to be "involved in situations which were extraordinary chiefly because they were entirely misunderstood." *A Question of Upbringing*, *A Buyer's Market* and *The Acceptance World* are the novels included: a feast for the admirers of Mr. Powell's elegant and coolly humorous style and the best of introductions to newcomers to his work.

Mr. R. H. Mottram is in rousing form with his new novel which takes the form of a kind of fantasy in which the author finds himself in

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LEADER OF THE DUTCH

Authoritative biography of Prince Bernhard

Let it be said from the outset that Alden Hatch's authorised biography of H.R.H. PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS (Harrap. 25s.) is something much more than a long diatribe about the Prince's feud with Field-Marshal Montgomery. Unfortunately this very penetrating account of a varied career has already suffered from the one-sided publicity arising from the fact that Prince Bernhard fought by every means to get adequate clothing and food for his troops manning the Dutch keypoints in the closing year of the war. Montgomery, to say the least, was not co-operative. Mr. Hatch has tackled his difficult task determined to give balanced judgments and, no less determined, never to genuflect. Some of Prince Bernhard's hare-brained escapades and ill-advised actions are documented, as also his serious work for the Dutch nation both in peace and war. How this prince, born into the slightly shabby world of minor German royalty, came to identify himself completely with the business and cultural life of his adopted land is an impressive story. He has indeed proved the cornerstone of a very modern monarchy. Mr. Hatch has an eye for good anecdotes.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S WARTIME ADVENTURE (W. H. Allen. 11s. 6d.) is the latest in the series of "Allabout Books," which have won such popularity as good factual reading for children. Richard Tregaskis, the author, avoids unnecessary heroics in this account of the nightmare shipwreck, when Kennedy's fragile patrol craft was cut in two by a Japanese destroyer, and his account of the remarkable rescue that followed is couched in the same unembroidered manner, and is therefore perhaps all the more effective.

In the weeks leading up to Christmas the paperbacks have been breaking fresh ground, and the number and variety of these publications betoken a mounting demand over a broad front, with the humour of the world's leading cartoonists providing a necessary leaven.

First and foremost, however, there should be a special welcome for Reginald Jarman's THE COMPLETE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE (New English Library. 6s.). Mr. Jarman is primarily a man of the theatre, having played hundreds of roles at the Old Vic, Stratford-on-Avon and in many parts of the world. Here, writing in English verse within the original rhyme scheme, the translator has brought out the impudent grace of La Fontaine's swift idiomatic lines, starting with the dedication to The Dauphin, "All creatures here can talk, even the fish, and chat to anybody with a mind; I press the animals to teach mankind."

Rayner Unwin's THE DEFEAT OF JOHN HAWKINS (Penguin Books. 5s.) is the story of the naval Dunkirk of the sixteenth century, when, in 1568 at San Juan de Ulua in the Gulf of Mexico, John Hawkins's third slaving expedition was annihilated by the Spaniards. Rayner Unwin has written a most lucid, vivid, almost day-to-day, account of this disastrous venture.

Finally here are contributions in visual humour. THE PENGUIN MAX and THE PENGUIN CHARLES ADDAMS are both published by Penguin Books at 4s. 6d. Max was born in *Punch* in 1952 and his antics have achieved an international reputation. Charles Addams is in quite another category. Here the accent is on the macabre, with an emaciated Lady Macbeth-type woman as his central figure and a plenitude of bats and gravestones to add horror to the scene. James Thurber's ALARMS AND DIVERSIONS (Penguin Books. 6s.) contains some of the most delightful examples of an art that is easy to recognise but hard to define. Thurber created a world of mournful, sagacious hounds looming over frightened little men trying desperately to master life's problems. Both his drawings and prose are given full rein in this delightful paperback.

Richard Edmonds

another world, confronted by a distant relation of his who was, in real life and fact, a *Times* war correspondent during the Peninsular wars and, among other things, a founder member of the Athenaeum Club. TO HELL WITH CRABB ROBINSON (Hutchinson. 16s.) is as lively as the title implies, as unconventional and imaginative and, in the Mottram tradition, as readable as ever.

THE SUMMER BIRDS (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is a charming little book by a young author, Miss Penelope Farmer, whose first book this is. Although it would be delightful reading for anyone in their teens, the story is one which our contemporaries will enjoy even more, with its delicate imagery, its grace and the power with which it conveys the essential directness of childish thought. The line drawings by Mr. James Spanfeller are delightfully in tune with the mood of the half-magical, half down-to-earth book.

THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS (Cassell. 18s.) is by Mr. George Turner, the distinguished Australian novelist, who has written about a man hesitating on the threshold of a new life, or the renewal of an old one, after six years spent in a mental home. The subject is a controversial one and the author approaches it with subtlety and compassion, giving a clear, unsentimental picture of the prejudices which surround any case of mental distress and the tenuousness of the line which divides it from accepted but hysterical behaviour. A sensitive but strong treatment of a difficult theme and another indication of Mr. Turner's growing power as a novelist.

Space for only one thriller this week and that is Mr. George Bellairs's THE TORMENTORS (John Gifford. 10s. 6d.), a tale of teddy boys, mayhem and detection in the Isle of Man, that normally peaceable spot where the greatest excitement lies in yearly road racing. Littlejohn, a Scotland Yard bigwig, holidaying in the place, is called in to solve a murder mystery and does it with the extremely practical help of a resident archdeacon. Lusty stuff with pleasant descriptions of local life.

Vernon Fane

PLEASURES AND PALACES

Two little realised facts emerge from Ian Dunlop's quite charming, scholarly and admirably illustrated PALACES AND PROGRESSES OF ELIZABETH I (Jonathan Cape. 38s.). The Queen's constant "progresses" were as much due to sanitary necessity as to zest for society. She had to escape from plague areas, and the stinks and excreta had to be purged from her residences at fixed times. Secondly, the palaces she visited (often swiftly enlarged for her visit) were in her time great and graceful oases of stone and brick and ordered beauty in trackless deserts or boggy wastes. The Queen herself was no builder, but an inheritor. Many of her own palaces, or habitations enforced, and many she visited were gone almost without trace before the eighteenth century. Nonsuch, Tudor Whitehall, Oatlands, Richmond, Theobald's, Woodstock. Archaeology and Hollar or Grimm are our chief aids to reconstruction of many. Of Cowdray and Kenilworth we have the ruins to guide us. A few are still in splendid life, Hatfield, Knole, a bit of Hampton Court, and Longleat (the first wholly Renaissance house to be built in England, begun 1559). The fullest records of her entertainment come from Kenilworth and Cowdray—stereotyped as modern State visits and often boring. Her visits cost her hosts dearly. Her entourage fed like locusts and went away bearing rich gifts. The hosts' expenses were not always paid off in promotions. But her progresses were a joy to the common people, whose range of travel was a dozen miles, and were handed down as legends from father to son. This is a book to buy and keep, as nostalgic as educational.

John Gore

Queenie Hesseltine (Peggy Mount) brandishes a mop in her own kitchen

Family row—Albert (John Barrie) and daughter Deanna (Juliet Cooke)

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

at the Phoenix Theatre

The plot of the latest slice of low life comedy by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall revolves round a church lectern in the shape of an eagle. Found and hidden by the Hesseltine family, it is destined by them to form the ornament of the garden of their long-awaited house on a council estate. But their hopes are dashed when their new home turns out to be a flat. The authors manage a fair degree of humour from their slender plot and Peggy Mount has a fine, blustery time as the mother. Also before Christmas, Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse had another offering in London—a double bill at the Royal Court.

Harry (Brian Peck) pours his latest find before the family—Charles (Jack Smethurst), Deanna and Queenie

LEADERS OF
BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by
Tom Hustler

Charles Sweeny

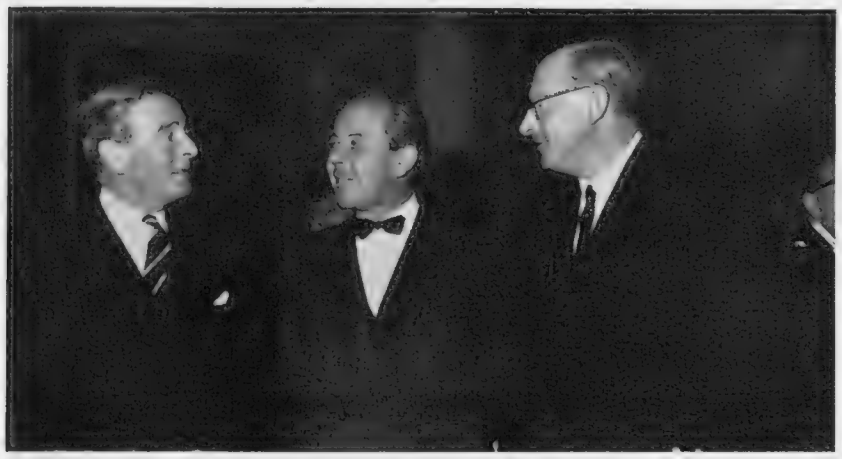
As Chairman of the "Sanitas" Trust, Mr. Sweeny controls a group of companies which include The Sanitas Co. Ltd.; W. Woodward Ltd.; Oppenheimer, Son and Co. Ltd.; Lactagol Ltd.; Medical and General Exporters Ltd.; Elsan Manufacturing Co.; Sanitas Group Sales Ltd.; Tuxan Ltd.; Rimmel Ltd.; Aquafilter International Ltd.; Superma Ltd.; and Spa Brushes Ltd. Born in Scranton, Pennsylvania, in 1909, Charles Sweeny was educated at Canterbury School, New Milford, in Connecticut, and Wadham College, Oxford, where he obtained an M.A. and three golfing blues. He began his business career with the Charterhouse Investment Trust and then joined the Federated Trust and Finance Corporation, of which he is now Chairman. In the last war, Mr. Sweeny served in the U.S. 8th Army Air Force in England and France; in the SHAEF Mission to France; and as Air Officer, London Munitions Assignment Board. He was responsible for the organisation of the R.A.F.'s "Eagle" Squadron, and ended the war as a Lieut.-Colonel. After demobilisation he returned to the Federated Trust and Finance Corporation, an investment trust and issuing house. Mr. Sweeny is also a director of C. J. Lytle (Advertising) Ltd. Married, Mr. Sweeny has two children—a son, who graduated from Christ Church, Oxford, and is at the Harvard School of Business Administration, and a daughter, the Duchess of Rutland. His hobbies are racing, shooting and, he says, business. He lives in Mayfair in London

FROM SLOUGH TO BELGIUM

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

In timing, the recent announcement that Slough Estates Ltd. was extending its activities to Belgium turned out to be rather unlucky: it happened to come at a time when public attention had begun to focus upon the growth of unemployment in Britain, and particularly in the depressed areas of the North. Not surprisingly, though not particularly logically, it roused a certain amount of protest from people who would have preferred the company's new industrial estate to be put down in, say, Sunderland instead of near Antwerp. This £200,000 investment, in practice, may have comparatively little to do with British employment at all; the development that it stimulates could never have been attracted to this country in the first place, and a majority of it, certainly, will come from European companies. An industrial estate company does not provide continuing employment itself, though obviously creation of an estate involves a certain amount of site preparation and construction activity: its essential business is to provide facilities for other businesses who do want to develop.

Setting up new industrial estates in the "unemployment places" of Britain, today, is obviously not an attractive proposition financially. Moreover, to the extent that there are factories vacant already and that local authorities, with Government backing, are building "advance" factories to house new employers, industrial estate development there by private firms would merely duplicate facilities. The much more important problem is to get industrial companies to come and occupy



At a Press conference in London, held by Slough Estates Ltd. to announce plans to extend on the Continent, are, from left, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Kingsmill, D.S.O., M.C., Chairman of the company; M. Jacques Graeffe, Chargé d'Affaires at the Belgian Embassy in London; and Mr. Gerald Mobbs, Managing Director of the company

the factories, whoever put them up. Areas of heavy unemployment today, moreover, already contain industrial estates, such as Team Valley in the North-East, Treforest in South Wales and Hillington in Scotland.

The Slough industrial estate, in contrast, developed with the beginning of the industrial shift towards the South of England that now, nearly 40 years later, has become so large a problem. At that time, industrialisation in the South was much more spotty; the estate came into being partly to tap a reservoir of local labour. This was not the first industrial estate developed in Britain, though it was perhaps the first of those considered as an organised estate from the beginning. Trafford Park, on the Manchester Ship Canal, was developed as an estate before the turn of the century; there was not much attempt at formal organisation, the land being parcelled off into sites of different shapes and sizes according to the needs of the industrial purchasers. Being ideally situated for communications and in the centre of an existing industrial area, however, Trafford Park was a highly successful development, and many heavy and light industries are in operation there today.

Slough's industrial estate came into being in the '20's, on the site of a wartime Service depot. From the beginning it was planned as an organised layout for light and medium industries, and for their eventual expansion; its whole concept of an industrial estate involved more positive participation by the developer than in the earlier Manchester estate. Slough Estates Ltd. bought the 600-acre site at Slough in 1920, and let some factories on it as these became available, with the run-down of activity in the Service motor repair depot that had originally occupied the site. In 1925 the company began large-scale development of the area. A rail and road network was laid out, standard factories of different sizes were designed, and gas, electricity, soft water and steam mains were laid. By 1927 the company started building factories in advance of requirements (as later became standard practice in other estates and in Government assistance to depressed areas).

Today there are about 600 factories in this Slough estate, occupied by 270 companies with a total employment of the order of 25,000. When this estate came into being, Slough had no more than 16,000 in population; today it has 66,000.

The essential convenience of a trading estate is that it can provide services and facilities on a scale that small firms, at the beginning of their growth, cannot readily afford. These are partly physical facilities: the Slough estate has the largest private power station in the South of England, and supplies water from its own reservoirs. The factories are built for easy extension; given a large selection of companies in different kinds of business, one can assume that not all of them will be needing to expand at the same time, so that layout can provide for expansion without waste of space. But there are other amenities as well; the estate has a highly successful community centre and industrial health service, which modern industrial operation requires, but which can be awfully expensive for any small company to provide on its own.

The Slough estate benefited between the wars from the boom of light industry in the South of England. It has concentrated on serving centres of growth; it started developing another estate near Birmingham in the '30's, and bought a third small estate at Greenford on the fringe of London after the war. The new venture into the Common Market will not be the company's first move abroad: a subsidiary company is developing an estate at Ajax, 20 miles from Toronto, and another is starting to develop 1,000 acres—the company's biggest single estate—near Melbourne in Australia.

The Belgian estate is to be set up at Saint Niklaas, south-west of Antwerp. Here again the company is "accentuating the positive" in going to an already growing industrial centre. Saint Niklaas is the main centre of knitwear in Belgium, and a large producer of carpets and furnishing fabrics; it also has a sizeable plastics industry. The population has grown rapidly over the years; even so, the town can call on a large reservoir of labour in the surrounding districts. It is well served by rail and road, with close access to the Antwerp dock facilities; it is on the route of the new motorway which will eventually connect Scandinavia with Southern Europe.

Slough Estates has acquired a site in the town on the railway line to Brussels, and will develop it as in Britain and the Commonwealth, letting factories and warehouses with all the power, water and internal communications facilities already organised for new occupiers. The new estate could be a useful one for British companies wanting to set up branches on the Continent—or indeed for American companies doing the same—but the estate company thinks it will also encourage the development of smallish Belgian and other European firms on to a factory basis, so that much of the industrial expansion there is likely to be of Continental industry, not British.

Obviously many British companies are going to have to set up branches on the Continent whether or not this country enters the Common Market; either we shall be part of a European community, or we shall be needing to gain a foothold behind the tariff barriers of that community. The magnetic pull of the European community, certainly, is one major problem for British regional development, in that it could attract even more capital and employment into the South of England. But the only circumstances in which the British economy can afford adjustment to assist its less favoured areas will be those of general prosperity. That general prosperity depends upon efficient penetration of the European market, in one way or another. And British investment in Europe, in ventures of this kind, is one way of assisting that penetration.

Recent development on the Slough industrial estate

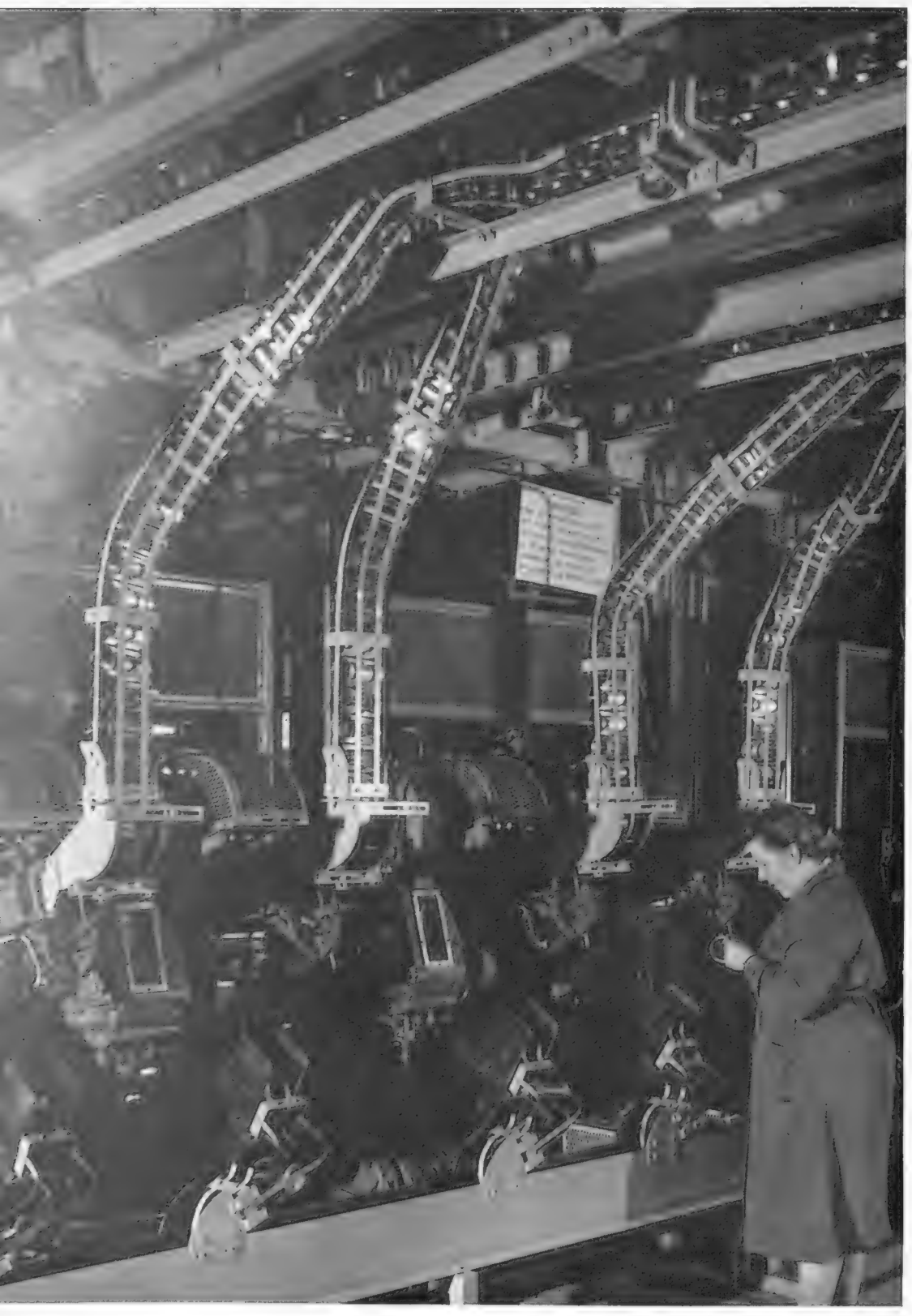
THE CAN-MAKERS

Although The Metal Box Company Ltd. are the largest makers of cans in Britain, their activities cover a wide variety of other packaging fields, including plastics and paper packs. Metal Box may well be the largest user of polythene in Britain. The factories at Portslade, Portsmouth, and Speke produce polythene film, sheet, bags and sacks; various laminations and coatings; bottles; moulded plastic containers; and plastic caps. In November, the company announced that their sales for the first half of 1962 amounted to over £53,000,000, a rise of getting on for £6,000,000 on the corresponding period of the previous year. Part of this increase is due to the growing popularity of polythene squeeze bottles.

Another factor in the sales increase is the growing use of aerosols with tinplate bodies. This type of production is undertaken by the general line group with 16 factories. A third group of factories within the company is concerned with paper. It has seven factories, at Manchester, Merton, Salford, Southwark, Speke, Swindon and Tottenham. A major part of production is cartons for frozen foods, labels and wraps. This section of the group has recently launched, in conjunction with another British company, into the production of cartons for milk, which are the first in Britain specially suited for door-to-door deliveries.

But the bulk of Metal Box's production is still in open top cans for processed foods, beer and soft drinks. They are called open top because the cans are supplied to the packers with one end open. There are 11 factories in this group. Mention should be made of the research and development departments and the ten apprentice training centres. In all the group has 41 factories and 29,000 employees in Britain.

A tandem slitter is used to cut the tinplate for the cans



Cans travel by overhead runways after having their bases seamed on, at the Westhoughton factory

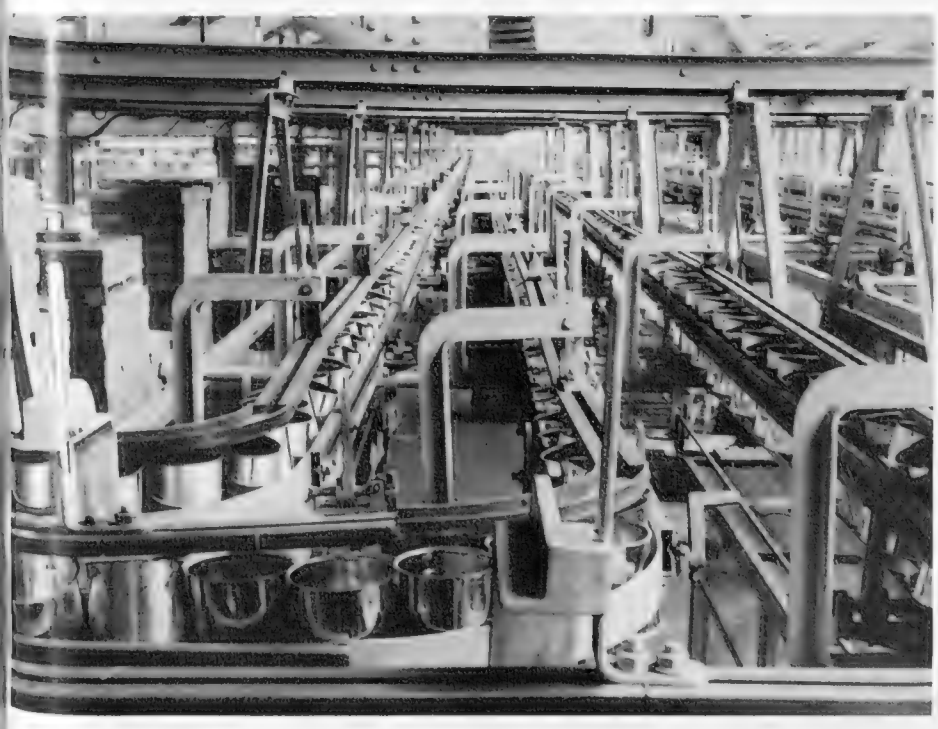
Process control—measuring the height of an aerosol container

A young apprentice at the Portslade training school

Extruding polythene film. It is kept in tube form by air pressure

The automatic assembly of valves and housings for aerosol packs

A magnetic can elevator is used to move empty cans on to an ascending runway to pass overhead



Overhead runways, part of the can handling equipment made by Metal Box

Loading palletised cans on to a specially adapted lorry for delivery to a customer

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CRYSTAL GAZING

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Gazing into the future, which becomes a widespread habit around the turn of the year, is a constant preoccupation for investors. Their crystal-gazing continues throughout the 12 months and there is no particular financial reason for taking stock at the end of a specific calendar year. But with 1962 now drawing to a close, most investors will want to join other men and look into 1963. What are the prospects for industry and the stock market? Forecasting prospects for industry, while far from simple, is much easier than estimating future stock market trends. The level of stock exchange prices in, say, six months' time will depend not only on industry's showing but on the City's own estimate of the short-term outlook at that point. Leaving this uncertainty aside—forecasting a forecast is clearly not possible—a great deal must depend on industry's progress next year.

The first point that any investor must reckon with is uncertainty over Britain's decision to enter the Common Market, coupled with the possibility of a general election during 1963. Both these prospects, which are bound to have a marked effect on the confidence of industry and investors, point to the case for an international investment. For this reason, and because of the oil industry's steady recovery during 1962, Shell promises to be one of the outstanding prospects for 1963. Profits for the year now ending, which have been forecast by the chairman at £200,000,000 after taxation, could well prove to be as good as those for 1957. That was previously Shell's best post-war year, when earnings benefited from post-Suez oil shortages.

Shell's profit margins are now benefiting from the drastic internal reorganisation recently carried on throughout the group, while the steady growth in sales volume is bringing improved earnings on capital employed. Lastly, the slowing down of Shell's exploration programme has brought a massive improvement in the group's cash position—so that a larger dividend need not hamper trading plans.

In Britain itself, one sector that will clearly expand during 1963 is that concerned with public works. One authoritative estimate from within the industry indicates that spending on roads, schools and hospitals will grow by 10 per cent. next year. This points to greater activity for a wide range of businesses, especially those supplying building and allied materials. One leading group in this field is Redland Holdings, who have just bought the Eastwoods group (excluding the cement division) for some £7,000,000 from Rugby Portland Cement. An issue of £1,000,000 shares for cash has helped to eliminate bank loans and Mr. A. F. F. Young has reported further growth during 1962-63. Even allowing for a number of important acquisitions, Redland's progress has been impressive with profits rising from a little over £100,000 in 1958 to last year's £820,000.

It may be a little premature to expect any great benefits for capital goods suppliers during 1963 from Mr. Maudling's new relaxation moves. While improving prospects may influence the dividend policy of companies such as Head, Wrightson and Wellman Smith the principal gain to profits should appear during 1964. But it seems reasonable to expect that the machine tool suppliers should begin to see some benefit from rising home demand. Alfred Herbert, as the leading manufacturing and merchanting concern, should be busier. Large groups such as John Brown and B.S.A. should also earn larger profits from their machine tool divisions.

Behind all these estimates for particular industries lies the assumption that the overall pace of economic expansion in Britain will be rather brisker during 1963 than it proved during 1962. If this assumption proves correct—and it appears to lie behind official forecasts for next year—this is bound to be reflected in larger consumer spending. Already, Great Universal Stores have produced better than expected results for the six months to end-September, while Debenhams' directors reported an improvement in trade during the second half of 1962. A good deal of City interest will centre on United Drapery Stores, whose 1962 results should appear in the early spring. Over the past five years, Mr. J. Collier and his co-directors have raised profits by more than £2,000,000 to nearly £5,000,000. Shareholders' dividends have improved from 32½ per cent. to a comparable 45 per cent.—with a further increase possible for the year now ending.

Even after establishing likely industrial prospects, to construct a portfolio for 1963 is complicated because some share prices have already risen in anticipation of better profits and dividends. But Shell still appear an attractive choice, to give a current yield of some 5 per cent.; people more concerned with dividends will prefer the 7½ per cent. offered by British Petroleum. Redland Holdings 5s. shares offer as little as 3 per cent., but this is fully in line with other building equities: Rugby Portland, for instance, offer as little as 2 per cent. A roughly similar yield to Redland's comes from United Drapery, but this stands to be improved by the expected dividend increase. For people concerned with income, F. W. Woolworth shares can be bought to give around 4 per cent. No one portfolio can be expected to beat all the (now numerous) share indexes during 1963. But it seems a very fair hazard that this group should do at least as well as the average over the next 12 months.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

I had expected to find many original if not exactly exotic ideas in the way of food and drink before I arrived in Mauritius. Its geography and history would lead one to such hopes. For it is practically in the middle of the Indian Ocean, in the tropics. It has been colonised in turn by the Dutch, the French and the British. The Dutch, it is true, did not stay. They gave up after having introduced the sugar cane and a species of deer from Java. The French did better, they laid the foundations of the great sugar industry and made a permanent impact with their culture, which has in many ways survived intact even after the island became a British colony during the time of the French revolution.

Today's population of nearly 700,000—which makes the 720 square miles of Mauritius one of the most densely populated areas of the world—is estimated to consist of about 10,000 Franco-Mauritians who are the descendants of the original French settlers, a very small number of British, nearly 200,000 " coloured " people, locally called creoles, who are largely the descendants of the slaves imported from Africa and Madagascar, about 460,000 Indians, who originally came there as indentured labourers after the abolition of slavery, and some 20,000 Chinese.

Although sugar cane takes up most of the cultivated land, with some tea and a little tobacco, there is enough room left for the growing of luscious tropical fruits and vegetables. The sea and the many rivers and lakes are full of succulent fish and shellfish. With such an interesting mixture of population and the availability of luscious produce, the markets are feasts of mouthwatering brilliant colour, and yet the net result, as far as indigenous cuisine is concerned, is somewhat disappointing. In their homes the Franco-Mauritians have preserved the traditions

The beach in front of the hotel Le Chaland on Mauritius

of French cooking, and the other races have made little impression. The Indian influence is felt, however, for everyone has excellent curries with all the delicious chutneys and sambals to go with them. Even the English have made their mark, for a great deal of tea is drunk, but there is no indigenous cuisine, such as for example the Creole cookery of New Orleans.

A typical Franco-Mauritian meal I remember most was a graciously and elegantly served luncheon I had as a guest on one of the sugar estates. This started with a fish, whose name alone would have gone a long way to impress one, the Capitaine, with Sauce Rouge, made with tomato and peppers. Next, we had Palmiste au Gratin; the palm kernel, which is one of the few local specialities, is a rare delicacy, for to obtain it the whole tree must be sacrificed. Then came curried chicken with perfect rice and many side-dishes with exquisite flavours, and we finished with a fine Crème Caramel. With it all we had a selection of noble white and red wines from Bordeaux.

The other local speciality—and I could not find any more than two during my stay—is a freshwater prawn (a little larger and a little less delicate than the Ecrevisse), called the Camaron. This I had beautifully cooked by the French chef of the Vatel Hotel, where the standard is equal to any good restaurant in France. This hotel has some most up-to-date rooms only recently completed and is situated in the centre of Curepipe, the main residential town on the cool plateau 1,800 ft. above sea level.

The other hotel there, the Park Hotel, originally a typical colonial mansion in a lovely park with rooms scattered in modern bungalows in the grounds, had less interesting food. This was perhaps due to the fact that it owes its existence to a demand by an Australian airline for night-stop accommodation. The cooking is more English (or Australian, perhaps) than French. In Port Louis, the capital port, and commercial centre, I enjoyed excellent food in a charming, old colonial building, at La Flore Mauricienne restaurant.

There was also very good food, but of an international character, at the recently opened seaside hotel, Le Chaland, where, like in the other hotels, the English influence was noticeable by the good, strong tea and traditional cooked breakfast.

All these establishments are owned by one firm, Mauritius Hotels Ltd., and in all of them I found the comfort and the service impeccable.

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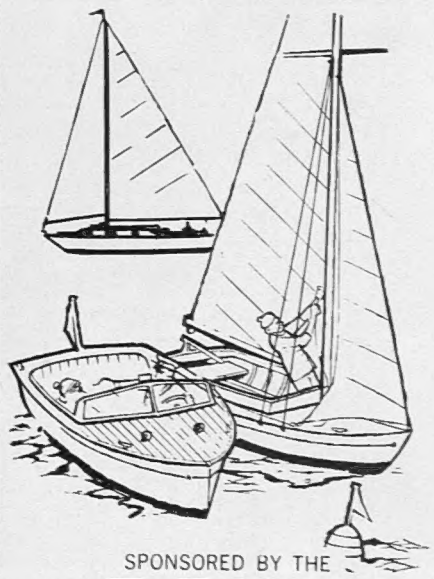

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MOTORING

THE CRUCIAL GRAND PRIX

The South African motor race decides the drivers' championship

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

As we recover from our Christmas indulgences and prepare to greet the New Year—which I hope will bring carefree motoring to all THE SPHERE readers—our thoughts turn to an important motor race meeting which is due to take place in hot sunshine this weekend at East London in South Africa.

No, it is not the start of a new season. This race will, in fact, decide both the racing drivers' world championship and the world manufacturers' championship for 1962. At the moment, with this one race to be decided, Graham Hill, B.R.M.'s 33-year-old No. 1 driver, leads the drivers' championship table with 39 points, followed by Jim Clark, 27-year-old top driver for Lotus, with 30; and B.R.M. are leading in the manufacturers' championship with 39 points, followed by Lotus with 36.

The complicated points system in both these championships is such that Graham Hill will become world champion (in succession to Phil Hill, who has now left Ferrari) unless Clark wins the race outright. There is actually no need for Hill to take part in this race at all, except for the little matter of preventing Clark from coming in first! If Clark retired with engine trouble and Hill also dropped out of the race, Hill would become champion.

Similarly, if either a B.R.M. or a Lotus wins at East London, that marque will be declared the champion car for 1962. With four British makes finishing in the first four places in this championship whatever happens (the others being Cooper and Lola), the main foreign opposition—Ferrari and Porsche—are for a change left trailing at the back of the field. Perhaps that is why they are unlikely to take part in Saturday's race. Whatever happens on Saturday it is a case of "Well done, Britain!"

Britain's Road Research Laboratory has just completed an interesting investigation into the relative value of the various types of safety belts. It has analysed hundreds of the forms sent in at the invitation of the manufacturers by motorists who were wearing safety belts when involved in accidents. They concerned a total of 531 safety belts.

Its broad conclusion is that injuries to the legs and feet occurred in the same proportion for each of the three main types of belt; that the proportion of chest injuries, including bruising, was greater with the single diagonal belt than for either the full harness or the combined diagonal and lap belt. The proportion of injuries to the head and neck were least with the single diagonal belt.

"This analysis," comments an official of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, "suggests that the different types of belt have slightly different advantages, and that some improvements in the design of all types may be possible."

A spokesman for Britax, Britain's largest manufacturer of safety belts, pointed out that of the 531 cases analysed no fewer than 356—67 per cent.—were saved from injury of any kind. Of the remainder, many suffered merely from bruising. Britax, by the way, have just launched Britain's first professionally made feature film on safety belts. It is called *The Other Fellow*, stars Donald Campbell (the speed merchant whose life was saved by a belt when he crashed on the Bonneville Salt Flats), and is designed to make the "ordinary" motorist interested in seat belts.

In the 1962 Mobil Economy Run, which started and ended at Harrogate and took competitors over a route of 1,080 miles in England and Scotland, a petrol-engined Austin A60—the Cambridge—averaged 39·92 miles to the gallon and finished fourth in its class. One of the recently announced 1½-litre diesel-engined versions of the Cambridge has just been driven over the same rally route under official observation (by Mr. Leslie Webb of the R.A.C.), who made certain that all the rally rules were observed, including the ban on coasting in neutral.

George Kendrick drives his Austin Diesel Cambridge through Leyburn, Yorkshire, on the car's fuel economy run

The car was driven by Mr. George Kendrick, Britain's uncrowned "king" of motoring economy, who won the Mobil Run in 1956, 1957 and 1958. Averaging 30·38 m.p.h., his fuel mileage worked out at the impressive figure of 58·34 to the gallon. "At this consumption figure the 'break-even' use of the Diesel Cambridge, which costs only £102 more than the petrol-engined A60, including tax, works out at only 11,000 a year," a Mobil official commented.

The car used on this Mobil Run repeat was perfectly standard and the fuel mileage of its diesel engine showed a 46 per cent. improvement over that of its petrol-engined brother in similar conditions. A fifth of the entire rally route ran through built-up areas. At a London party Mr. Kendrick told me he was most impressed by the car's smoothness and quietness. "Cruising at 50 m.p.h. it was difficult to realise there was a compression-ignition motor under the bonnet," he said.

The 1963 Mobil Economy Run, over a 1,100-mile route through England and Wales, again starts and ends at Harrogate and begins with scrutineering on March 23. Applications for entries—limited to 40 standard British production cars built since January 1, 1961—must be in by January 26.

Anyone who has ever enjoyed *Tschiffely's Ride* will be interested to read a present-day counterpart in *Coleman's Drive*, by John Coleman, published by Faber and Faber at 21s.

Starting off in 1925, Tschiffely took two years to ride on his two famous horses from Buenos Aires to New York. Everyone thought he was mad to try and prophesied all sorts of disasters. Twenty-four years later, John Coleman, who had been fascinated from boyhood by this epic journey, decided to try it himself, using instead of flesh and blood horses those of a vintage Austin Seven. He had spotted MO 6320 during his years as an undergraduate at Oxford. The story of his adventures—climbing up and up in the Andes, bumping unbelievably in the desert, crossing 34 rivers in Costa Rica and struggling through the jungle in Ecuador—grips like a new tyre. Mr. Coleman's schoolmaster's eye took in many fascinating details of the countries he passed through and he gives a sensitive account of the people, their lives and work.

Briefly. . . . A blue and white Standard Vanguard Six saloon is one of the stars in the Saville Theatre play *Semi-Detached* in which Sir Laurence Olivier plays the lead. Four hundred thousand Vanguards have been built since the first model appeared in 1948. . . . Mr. Peter Davies has been appointed managing director of B.M.C. Service Ltd. in succession to Major-General E. H. Clayton, who died recently. Mr. Davies, who is 43, has been General Clayton's deputy for some years. . . .

Reliant Engineering, who entered a factory team of three Reliant Sabres in the R.A.C. Rally, have formed a competitions department under Mr. C. R. (Bob) Aston, formerly with Mintex. . . . Last-minute reminder to motorists who have yet to renew car licences expiring on December 31: one in ten of all applications have to be returned because of some mistake or omission. . . .

Which?, the Consumers' Association magazine, has tested the "Redi-Spare" puncture repair kit, which forces a sealing compound into tyre or tube. Verdict: "Will cope with a small puncture in a tubeless tyre but is less satisfactory with tubed tyres and with any that have a gash."

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD., Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by KELIHER, HUDSON & KEARNS LTD., Hatfields, London, S.E.1. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1962. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York.

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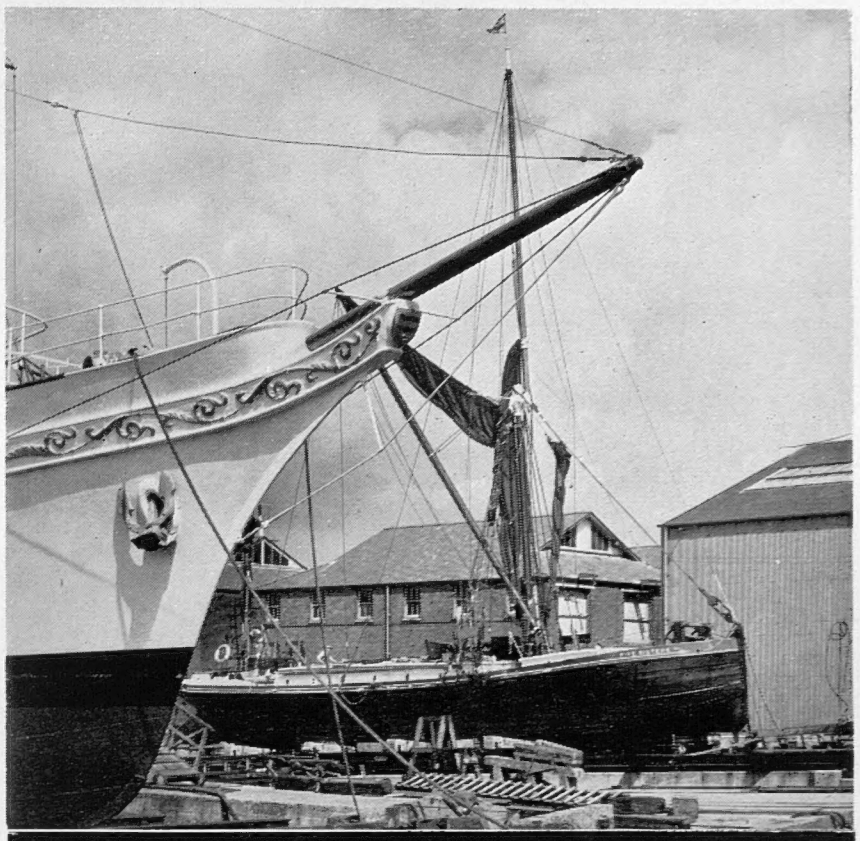

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